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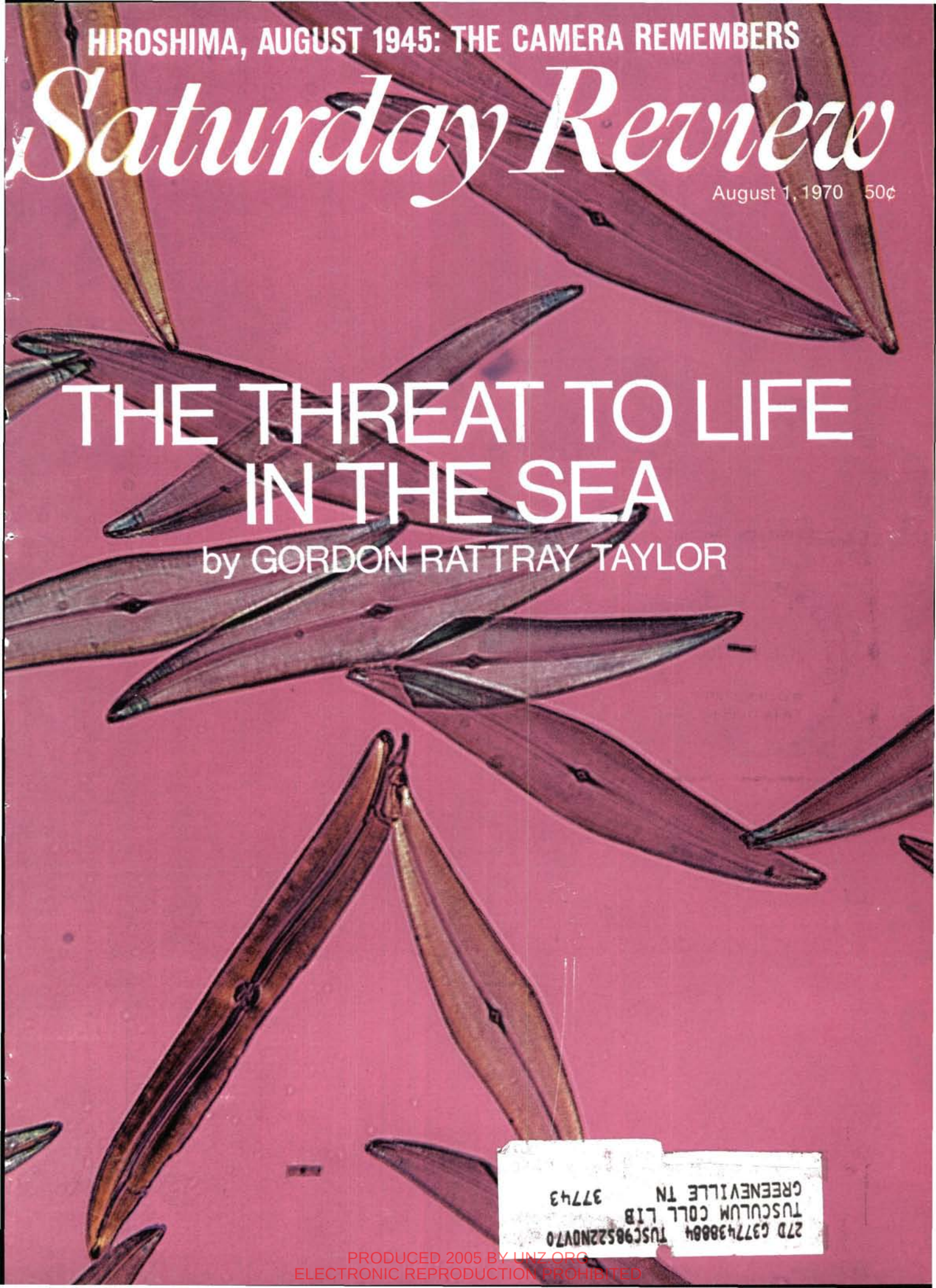
Saturday Review

August 1, 1970 50¢



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by GORDON RATTRAY TAYLOR

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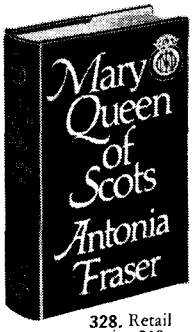

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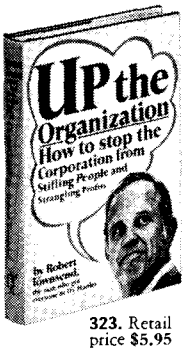

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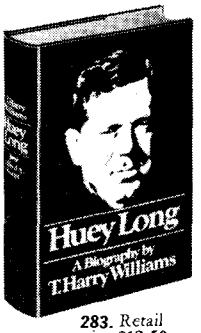

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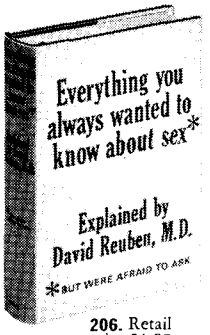

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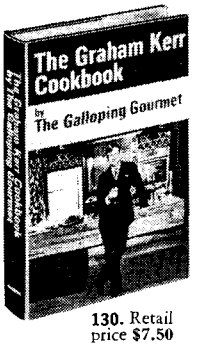

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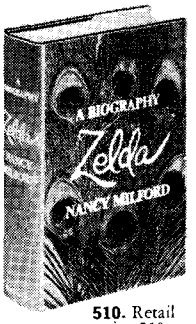

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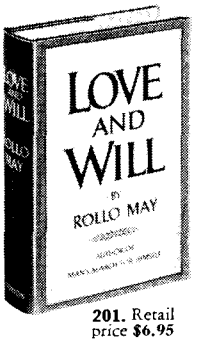

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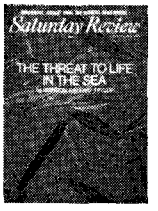
Cover story, page 40

The Threat to Life in the Sea
by Gordon Rattray Taylor



Cover: Microphotograph of diatoms, tiniest of sea creatures, by Lewis Wolberg, from his forthcoming book "Micro-Art." Reprinted courtesy of Harry N. Abrams, Inc.

IDEAS

Changes in the Black Ghetto
12 East Palo Alto by Wallace Stegner
13 Cleveland by John G. Mearns

EDITORIAL

16 Modern Man Is Obsolete

BOOKS

21 The Poet's Leap Into Reality by William Heyen, an essay review of "Imaginations" by William Carlos Williams, edited by Webster Schott
21 Index of Books Reviewed
24 Book Forum: Letters from Readers
25 Perspective by J. H. Plumb
29 Criminal Record by Haskel Frankel

ENVIRONMENT

39 A New Judge for the Atom? an editorial
40 The Threat to Life in the Sea by Gordon Rattray Taylor
43 How Congress Focuses on the Environment by Richard A. Carpenter
44 A Progress Report on Smogless Motoring by John Lear
52 Hidden Effects of Overpopulation by Paul R. Ehrlich and John P. Holdren

THE ARTS

MOVIES

20 Arthur Knight reviews "The Angel Levine" and "Something for Everyone."

PHOTOGRAPHY

32 Margaret R. Weiss looks back upon the cities of the bombs.

MUSIC

35 Irving Kolodin and Robert Jacobson on opera films at Lincoln Center

DANCE

36 Walter Terry on the American Ballet Theatre's season

TRAVEL

34 David Butwin pays a call on the Kiwis.

COLUMNS

3 Goodman Ace: Top of My Head
6 John Ciardi: Manner of Speaking
10 Cleveland Amory: Trade Winds
19 Letters to the Editor

GAMES

20 Your Literary I.Q.
26 Literary Crypt
37 Wit Twister
59 Kingsley Double-Crostic No. 1895

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Top of My Head

Goodman Ace

Low Finance

IN THESE TIMES of rising prices, I have become a comparison shopper. I compare the price of a shirt with my bank balance, and wind up turning the cuffs of my old shirt.

All prices have been creeping upward. Like my shorts. So when the price of a new shirt went higher than the size of my collar, I became a comparison shopper. And it didn't comfort me when the salesman, to justify the rise, said, "Even the cost of this tag on which the price is printed has gone up."

Also my dentist. As he was pecking away at the root of a tooth that seemed to be imbedded in my tonsil, he remarked that the cord on his grinding machine used to cost 20 cents. Now it is $8. This extra bite showed up on his bill the following month.

What could I do? You just can't gad about comparison-shopping strange dentists who are not familiar with every bi- and tricuspid in your mouth, can you?

Otherwise, comparison shopping has made me a wiser buyer. In a doughnut shop where once I enjoyed a glazed doughnut and a cup of coffee for a quarter, the price is now 45 cents. Luckily, I was able to solve this exorbitant rise with a visit to my doctor at which we decided glazed doughnuts were not good for me, I told him.

But one place where comparison shopping doesn't help is the stock market. I'm not too familiar with the inner workings of this august money-making institution, but I've discovered it's a monopoly. In my comparison shopping, I've found all brokerage houses have conspired to show the same prices for all stocks. I stayed away.

Until the day I got this hot tip from an unimpeachable source. It was our President, saying to a group of businessmen, "If I had the money, I'd buy stocks now."

Well, I didn't have the money either, but I do have this home I own in Key Biscayne, Florida, and another in San Clemente, California. I mortgaged them.

I was at the broker's office a half-hour before the market opened. Waiting for the bell, I felt sorry our President didn't have the money to take advantage of his own hot tip. I vowed that by my being scrupulously honest to the penny and by even adding a few dollars to help balance his budget, I would show my appreciation to Mr. Nixon for all this money I was going to make.

I scanned the board for some good stocks to buy. It didn't really matter. They're all good. Didn't he say, "Buy stocks now"? But to be certain of the investment, I decided to buy only blue chip stocks. Whatever they are. Actually, they were all blue chips. "Buy stocks now." I'll buy some cheap blue chips in the ten- or twelve-dollar range. I don't want to set the world on fire, just start a small flame under my bank account.

The bell! I sprang into action. Buy twenty-five shares of this. Buy twenty-five of that. Twenty-five of these, those, and them! I wanted to beat the other customers to the bargain prices. But as I looked around, nobody had sprung into action but me. I deduced they hadn't read the morning paper. I left there loaded with stocks.

On my way home, I passed the doughnut shop. I went in. Glazed doughnuts, I decided, weren't all that bad for me. I had two. In another few hours I would be well on the road to Fort Knox.

Well, what can I tell you? When that day ended, I was well on the road to San Luis Rey. The days and weeks that followed were nightmarish. How had I been so foolish, I kept asking myself. How had I forgotten I was a comparison shopper? How had he known I hadn't voted for him?

Then suddenly one morning somebody in Washington turned on the hot money faucet. Stocks went up thirty points the first day, twenty points up the second day. There was dancing in the streets of Wall, there were laughter and lighthearted banter.

But not for me. One of my stocks went up an eighth of a point, another went down a fourth of a point, and two dropped off of the Big Board down to the Over-the-Counter market. My own private crash.

Now, *nouveau pauvre*, I went to my banker for a loan to cover the margin. He said they don't lend money to play the stock market. I said I'll lose my shirt. He said that's no big loss. He must have noticed the turned cuffs.

"I finally found an honest man; he was a priggish bore."

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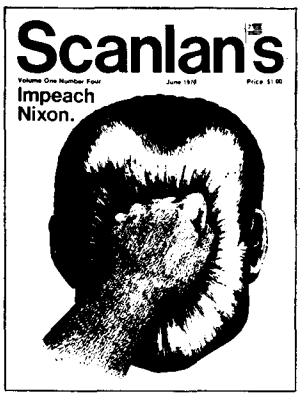
YOU TRUST YOUR MOTHER



SCANLAN'S is a new magazine.

It's probably the only magazine ever named for a universally loathed Irish pig farmer. It's probably also the only magazine which pays advertisers for running their ads or which charges its readers for their letters to the editor. But more about that later.

SCANLAN'S is run by two guys – Warren Hinckle (formerly of RAMPARTS), and Sidney Zion (formerly of THE NEW YORK TIMES). You could think of SCANLAN'S as a cross between RAMPARTS and THE NEW YORK TIMES. You'd be dead wrong, but you could think of it that way if you wanted to. SCANLAN'S feels people should think what they want to think.

AXE

SCANLAN'S has no axe to grind politically or otherwise, but we're more than willing to take a whack at anyone of whatever persuasion if we think he deserves one, including members of our most hallowed institutions. Not that we have anything against Mom or Apple Pie or The Flag, but still. You trust your mother but you cut the cards.

APPLE PIE

FLAG

Some folks are going to hate SCANLAN'S quite a lot. Some not so much. Some might get a big kick out of it. We hope not *everybody* likes SCANLAN'S, because if everybody likes you then you're in trouble. (You can tell a man by his enemies, and all that.)

SCANLAN'S is not a service magazine. It will not tell you how to find a husband or a wife or a bed partner, and it will not tell you how to turn a butterchurn into a lamp or a lamp into a butterchurn. If we like something, if we think it's exciting, we'll run it in SCANLAN'S even if it seems out of place. We think magazine editors who say, "This article is great, but it's not for us," are full of it.

Here are some examples of the sort of thing you'll find in SCANLAN'S:

★ How people counterfeit credit cards and get away with it.

★ How to impeach Richard Nixon and get away with it.

★ How after six months and one billion dollars, advertising got to own ecology.

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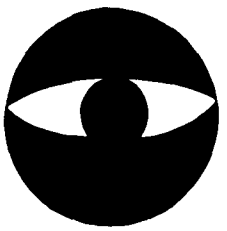
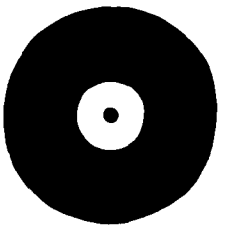
★ New Hot Water for Teddy Kennedy – a story that has thus far proven too hot for any American newspaper to handle.

★ The Persecution of the Chicago Black Panthers: A Murder Mystery by John Kifner, of the New York Times Chicago Bureau.

★ Recently smuggled-in examples of underground political pornography from Russia.



CBS



ATROCITY RECORD

★ A story about how CBS was so interested in filming a documentary of an invasion of Haiti that it helped finance the invasion itself.

★ A story about the just-concluded court-martial of an Army lieutenant in Vietnam who was charged with deliberately killing a prisoner of war – not a Viet Cong but a South Vietnamese ARVN soldier. With a bound-in 33⅓ rpm record of testimony made from secret Army tapes.

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BUT YOU CUT THE CARDS.

MAFIA

★ A thing about how there is no Mafia in Jersey City (heh heh).
★ Personal stories of the women of the Chicago Seven.
★ A high school student's attack on the SDS as being elitist and paternalistic.
★ A mobster's review of two new books on the Mafia.
★ More things like the above, some of it even better, some of it not.

Now about that business of paying advertisers. We at SCANLAN'S happen to be financially independent for the present because we sold stock in our magazine, went public and raised 675,000 bucks. This is a lot of money, even for boozehounds like Warren Hinckle and Sidney Zion, so we're in fairly solid shape.

Still, we enjoy reading a really good ad as much as a really good article, and since we aren't hard up for Madison Avenue money, we figured why not pay a guy who writes a terrific ad as well as we pay a guy who writes a terrific article? We pay from $1,000 to $1,500 for articles, so we guess we can pay $500 for a really top-notch ad.

To even things off, we *are* going to charge people who want us to print their letters to the editor, since we feel this is a form of the Vanity Press. Letters to the editor of SCANLAN'S will be printed at a cost to the writer of 25 cents per word. Correspondents are advised to edit their own letters, as it will cost them more if they don't. Letters which we find particularly dumb or boring will cost $1.00 per word, and they will only be put into type after the writer's check clears the bank.

So much for that. Now comes the pitch.

If you have already read this far, you are at least *somewhat* intrigued by what we are selling, right? Now then, what we are selling costs a buck an issue, or since this is a Charter Subscription, *ten* bucks for *twelve* issues – which is not peanuts but which is not Baked Alaska either.

Let's face it, what's ten bucks these days anyway? Seven drinks in a bar, or three-and-a-third tickets to an arty movie. A subscription to SCANLAN'S, even if it isn't better, will at least *last* longer.

So think it over. If you're a big enough sport to gamble a sawbuck, fill in the coupon below, drop it into an envelope and mail it in. We'll raise a little hell together in the next twelve months.

SAWBUCK

If you're *really* a big sport, send us a check for ten bucks with the coupon instead of having us bill you, and as a reward for saving us a lot of dumb paperwork we'll send you a free copy of SCANLAN'S first issue, which weighs a pound and which we hear is already something of a collector's item.

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Manner of Speaking

John Ciardi

HATRED: Our local high school's graduation ceremonies were scheduled for the football stadium with the high school gym as a rain site.

Graduation day built up to a soggy swelter. My daughter was to graduate, en route to Swarthmore in September, and all day long she and her classmates were running in and out of the house, dripping excitement, plans, and sweat.

The graduating class planned the symbolic release of two white doves during the ceremony, and the doves had to be visited and admired. One group had decided to wear armbands sporting a white dove. Another announced it would distribute small American flags to pin on the shoulder of their academic gowns. The intent of the flag-distributors was clearly to distinguish between patriotic Americans and peace doves, and the doves had to meet and discuss this affront to their motives—which they solved by deciding to wear both insignia.

There were other momentous decisions. Mom had to be asked which ribbon looked best on the graduation dress that would in any case be covered by the blue imitation-academic gown. There would be many parties that night, and itineraries had to be discussed if not planned. If they drew and donned their regalia early, Dad would have a chance to snap away with the Polaroid, and that, of course, had to be planned in frivolous detail. There was more excitement than purpose in the discussions. Having decided weeks ago exactly how they would plan things, they had to reconvene every half-hour to discuss all the plans again.

At 5, with the interminables set for 6:30, the swelter turned into a spurt of showers, the showers fading into a steady drizzle that managed to cool nothing while raising the humidity. We were in for it. The gym was an airless box with too few windows too high in one wall, and, as it turned out, the slant of the drizzle was such that even those inadequate vents had to be closed. Add about 300 graduates and more than a thousand parents and friends, and we were in for a Black Hole of Calcutta painted an institutional beige.

A psychic year and two quarts of sweat later the class had death-marched its way to its places, the band had ground out its approximate and endless tonalities, the choir had piped distantly with that aggressive indifference to human suffering that motivates all music teachers given a chance to "offer their program," and after some blessedly brief and unrhetorical remarks by the class president, the salutatorian came on, an earnest young man with a carefully compiled list of the issues of all our lives.

He began by condemning the school system for the endless flow of busy work it had handed out to him in place of a questing education, and he made firm points, though just a bit overfirmly. I found him honorable, refreshing, and relentless. Having just discovered the world, he had yet to discover any doubts about his discovery. Yet he was asking hard questions and asking them well. Some freshman instructor, I found myself thinking, would find in this lad his recompense for the illiterate year. Once softened by a reasonable uncertainty, this would be an intellect. At the moment, however, he had won his honors by what he called "an unthinking docility," and he was in a mood to savor them.

Having categorized the school system, he moved on to the war in Asia, to the race issue, to pollution, to the lack of confidence in the federal government, to the military-industrial complex, to unrest, to the dedication of the socially committed young. He had, as I recall, just mourned the deaths at Kent State as a sign of police repression when a voice from the audience called: "Is this a graduation or a rally?"

There were anger and hatred in that voice, and it was instantly joined by a chorus of jeers that seemed to have been waiting only for a signal. There was more than a physical swelter in the room. For a moment there seemed even to be the possibility of violence. Certainly there was a pent rancor against anyone who would question, who declared a difference, who dared "rock the boat." I thought of the hardhats invading Wall Street, righteous and truculent—except, alas, that these were neighbors and parents, and they were disrupting their own children's chosen spokesman.

As noted, the boy was a bit gauche in his sense of certainty. But it was not his rhetoric that had moved this hatred. The jeerers would have sat patiently through any number of round, smooth platitudes. His offense had been to question established values, and the answer to such questioning had become a brawl of catcalls and red-faced shouts. Nor were the hecklers in a mood to quit. It took both the superintendent of schools and the president of the board of education, speaking in turn, to assert the boy's right to speak, and to restore a grumbling sort of order. The president's remarks on freedom of speech provided a countercue to those who identified with the boy, and a handful of parents and friends—perhaps as many as 3 per cent—stood up to applaud.

Then it happened. The few who stood in the audience to applaud passed on one of those indefinable crowd signals to the graduating class, and the class responded by standing to applaud. Perhaps as many as 60 or 70 per cent of the graduates rose—certainly well over half of them. For an instant then that sweat box contained an epiphany of the generation gap.

On both sides, of course, there were dissenters, as there were those who would not get involved, as there were, I suppose, a few sheep who rose because those around them were rising.

Yet the difference in proportion was overwhelming: among the parents perhaps as many as 3 per cent declaring themselves, among the graduates a clear majority—one side and another of a mood, of a commitment, and of a climate of ideas; one side and another of a community's image of itself.

It will do me for a pictogram. The line between the age groups has seldom been more clearly drawn. If I confess that what little is left of my hope rides with the young, the difference would be as visible to one with opposite views, so long as he is willing to open his eyes to a view. We are divided, the picture says, and I see small hope of a kindly tolerance across that division.

Yet, as nearly as I can sense the mood of a crowd—and I speak as an old manipulator of audiences—the flow of hatred was all from the old to the young. The graduates rose not against but for, not in hatred of their parents and neighbors but in affirmation of their classmate's right to speak.

It is a mad world in which the young must be tolerant of the intolerant old, in which the young must accept the hatred of their elders and return not hatred but dissent.

Think, neighbors; for God's sake think. It may be righteously self-satisfying to ask—I have heard you ask it—"Why do they hate us?" It will be more useful to ask, "Why do we hate them?" You know why of course. They tell all of us that we have given our lives in tawdry faith to tin gods. They dismiss our sacrifices and our hypocrisies as pointless. They cancel us. And we hate them for it. Even though they are probably right. Especially because they are probably right.

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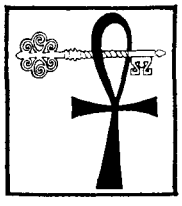
The Basic Ideas of Occult Wisdom

Anna Kennedy Winner



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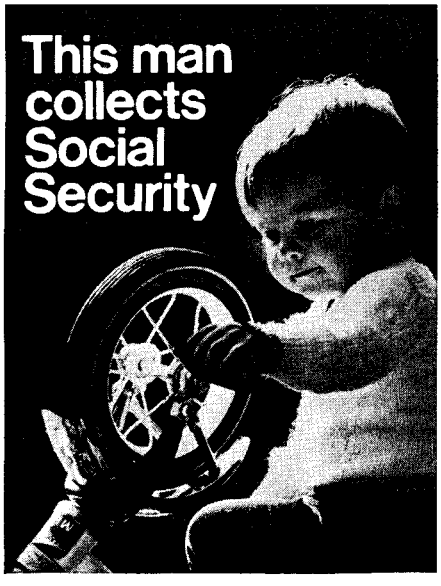

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Trade Winds

Cleveland Amory

Sign of the Times—On a billboard outside a Seattle theater:

Hamlet
by the author of
Romeo and Juliet

Mrs. M. R. Callison, of Seattle, was our spotter there. Meanwhile, in California, W. M. Fridell found the following in the Isla Vista *Viewpoint*:

> Citizens of Santa Barbara County . . . are faced with a tax rise. . . . Most of the money raised—ninety thousand dollars—would be used for five foot patrolmen. . . .

"I recognize the need for law enforcement," says Mr. Fridell, "but shouldn't they be *taller*?"

For our own part, for our luncheon with Jim Bouton, author of *Ball Four*, the baseball book that bids fair to be the biggest selling sports book of all time (first printing 135,000 copies), World Publishing chose Toots Shor's, bastion of the baseball establishment and home of the DiMaggios, Mantles, etc.—for most of whom the best they could hope for, in Bouton's spry book, is an intentional pass. On our right was the charming Bobbie Bouton, Mr. Bouton's wife, who not only talked about their children, including an adopted South Korean boy, but quick-pitched us on the fact her husband was a poet. "He wrote a poem about birches," she told us. "Tell him, Jim." But the twinkling-eyed author refused to take the sign and swung away—with the same kind of honesty that has so disorganized Organized Baseball. "I'm no poet," he said. "I'm not even a real writer. Hell, I'm not even a real *reader*. Just a magazine reader."

The World people stirred uncomfortably. There was a full contingent of them, some of whom had been none too enthusiastic about the book at first; there are, after all, twenty other baseball books out, including half a dozen on the Mets alone. We found out too that none of those World men had bought the book. It had been bought by Ed Kuhn, who was drafted by *Playboy* from World, and it was now being managed by Peter Ritner, who went from *SR* to Macmillan to World, with an outfielder to be named at a later date. "We sold the reprint rights for $200,000," Ritner told us, "and to Dell, too. In the middle of the recession. Remember, this is no baseball book, any more than Mark Twain's *Life on the Mississippi* is about riverboats."

Despite World's happiness, we also learned from Leonard Shecter, sports editor of *Look*, that World had originally decided to print only 10,000 copies. Then came the first *Look* article. The book was a hit. The Commissioner of Baseball called Bouton into his office. The book was now stretched into a double. The commissioner made Bouton promise to say what was said at the meeting. The book was now a homer. Then came the commissioner's fatuous statement. "I have advised Mr. Bouton," the statement read, "of my dissatisfaction with these writings, and have warned him against future writings of this character." That really did it. From then on the book was a tape measure job.

A writer friend of Mr. Shecter's asked him how much of him is in the book and how much of Bouton. "You know me well," Shecter said. "What do you think?" "I honestly don't know," the friend said. "Then," said Shecter, "we did a good job."

Bouton is no ordinary ballplayer. He has been in fights on the field, yet he has a large sense of humor and plays chess for recreation. "There has always been," he told us, "a large discrepancy between what I'd always imagined baseball to be and what it is. I didn't think the general managers would be as greedy as they are. On the other hand, I didn't think it would all be as funny as the fun part. I do dig that bawdy humor on the back of the bus.

"I tried to get some messages in," he continued, "without being too message-y. I signed books, you know, for all my teammates in Houston. Two coaches, though, wouldn't take it—even free. The San Diego team, I learned, burned it. Now if I could get banned in Boston. Imagine, banned in Boston and burned in San Diego. I was trying to figure out which one of those cheap bastards would have bought it, but I found out they had all chipped in and bought one between them. I guess it was a symbolic book burning.

"We're like children to the managers," Bouton told us. "We fluctuate between children and animals. We must be kept in cages. It just doesn't work. You can't ask Joe Pepitone to live the same life-style as a nineteen-year-old boy from Waycross, Georgia." How, we asked him, did the ballplayers stand on the Curt Flood case? "A hundred per cent behind him," he said. "Wait. Make that ninety-

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nine per cent. There's always Carl Yastrzemski. He's a personal friend of Joe Cronin's. Cronin's not just ordinary Establishment. He really works at it. If you're going to fire two umpires for starting a union, for God's sake, you don't fire both of them *together* on a Tuesday afternoon on a slow news day."

How come, we asked Bouton, he himself got only one vote for alternate players' representative? Bouton grinned. "Well," he said, "I have a kind of self-righteousness about me. I can really be an awful pain in the ass. I guess it all comes down to what I said in the book. How come no one wants to argue with me? Can it be because I'm always so right?"

We asked him how he stood with his Houston team now. "I don't know," he said. "Harry Walker scheduled a workout for the Wednesday after the All-Star game. And I said, 'Harry, I can't be there. I've got to sign books in New York.' 'I'm sick of your goddam book,' he said. 'That's the trouble with the world today. That's the trouble with this goddam ball club. Nobody's putting baseball first. If you're not here Wednesday, you're suspended.' 'Harry,' I said, 'that's a little severe, isn't it? If I told my wife I was going out and she didn't want me to, she'd be sore, but I don't think she'd divorce me.' And you know what he said? He said, 'We can't be as flexible as wives.'

"I've gotten over two hundred letters," Bouton concluded, "and of those twenty-two are bad. But most of them are unsigned. Like the one I just got that had some smelly cheese in it, and said, 'Eat this, you rat.' I got one from a football coach down South who said, 'You're a loser on the field and I'll tell you something else. You're a loser in the bigger game—the game of life.'" Bouton grinned again. "I can see that fellow now," he told us. "I can even describe him to you. Five foot eight inches, stocky, crew-cut. He won't have any long hair on his team. And he's got signs all over his locker room—signs like 'A quitter never wins and a winner never quits,' and, 'When the going gets tough, the tough get going.' You know—real values."

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 1894)

HUGH DOWNS:
RINGS AROUND TOMORROW

Can mankind rise above narrow interest, above politics and nationalist patriotism, to preserve the one thin membrane of gas circling our big earth? If so, the optimists will be able to say "we told you so." If not, there will be no pessimists to say the same thing.

"I thought my medicine bill was high until I considered what I received."

A young mother of three thinks about her family's bill for drug products and wonders what might have happened without them.

When I totaled up a year's medical bills, I found a family of five can use a lot of medicines.

Then I began checking back to see where the money went. There were Barbara's immunizations . . . and I can't feel bad about that. I'm old enough to remember when polio, for instance, was a real crippler.

Then there was the time Bob threw his back out. The medicines really gave him relief from the pain. The flu missed us . . . and I guess we should give the vaccine credit. And our doctor did come up with something that stopped those miserable headaches of mine. They were a nightmare while they lasted.

I had almost forgotten about the scare we had with Jimmy's ears. The doctor said it was a serious infection . . . something that could have deafened him for life. The antibiotic he prescribed cleared it up in a few days.

I've read somewhere that the average American spends about eighteen dollars a year at the pharmacy for prescriptions. Of course, our medicine bill for last year was higher than that . . . but, when I consider the values received, I've got to feel it was worth the money. We spent a lot more just patching up the old car and never thought twice about it.

Another point of view . . . Pharmaceutical Manufacturers Association, 1155 Fifteenth St., N.W., Washington, D.C. 20005.

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EAST PALO ALTO

Working with white partners, blacks are beginning to create a reservoir of expertise and sophistication.

by WALLACE STEGNER

East Palo Alto, on the Peninsula thirty-five miles south of San Francisco, is one of the instant ghettos that have sprung up in the North and the West since World War II. In the mid-Fifties, it was a sprawl of lower-middle-class homes among truck farms and flower fields in the flats beside the bay. Its black population, swollen by escapees from the ghettos of Oakland and Richmond, enlarged by the block-busting tactics of certain realtors, and increased still further by agencies that have used the area as a dumping ground for families displaced by freeways and slum clearance elsewhere, has now reached 24,000.

The community is 75 per cent black, an authentic ghetto, separated from the rest of the Peninsula by the Bayshore Freeway. But it is not Rat Alley. It is a poor relation of suburbia. Its small, cheaply built houses are fairly well kept, with modest lawns and yards. Among its black citizens there is an imperfect, interrupted, sometimes fierce pride.

Nevertheless, East Palo Alto is no model city. Residential patterns have created, and so far perpetuated, de facto segregation of the schools. The student body of Ravenswood High School, when it opened ten years ago, was 22 per cent black; today's figure is 95 per cent. There is a large number of substandard dwellings, and a two-bedroom house may sleep nine or ten people. The median income of $6,000 compares with a median of better than $10,000 for San Mateo County in general. Crime, delinquency, drug use, and poor police-citizen relations are continuing problems. Family size is high, the proportion of unskilled labor is high, and the educational level is low. Crowding gets worse and worse. This ghetto, which accounted for 3.7 per cent of the county's population in 1960, will make up 6.24 per cent of it in 1980. To complicate all these problems, jurisdiction is split. Part of East Palo Alto is incorporated into neighboring Menlo Park; the rest is unincorporated, and is run by a shadow Municipal Council responsible to county supervisors.

East Palo Alto is an area just bad enough to generate its share of the type of anger that, when it broke out in Watts and Hunter's Point, taught California the consequences of letting ghettos form. It is just good enough to give some of its citizens hope that it can be made much better. PTA meetings draw large and emotional crowds. Educational equality and school desegregation are issues as hot as napalm. Organizations—white, black, and mixed; do-good, violent, and in-between—seethe through East Palo Alto with the usual mixture of good will, condescension, suspicion, wasted motion, and rivalry for leadership. Each of them, undoubtedly, has done some good; even the Black Panthers must be credited with having challenged and stimulated black pride. But the one organization with the largest precipitate of concrete social and economic accomplishments is the racially mixed group that calls itself Counterpart. If the Southern Christian Leadership Conference is correct in believing that the next push in civil rights action will be local rather than national, then what is happening on the Peninsula is worth watching.

Counterpart's white backers believe that their group offers other communities a model of blacks and whites working as a team to attack problems facing minorities. A more skeptical source, the black *Ravenswood News*, admits that "Counterpart has worked, which means that interracial cooperation works. . . . That constitutes news."

Counterpart's specialty is problem-solving by the application of economic and political know-how to specific target situations. The blacks have the problems; the whites, so far, have a corner on the know-how, the money, and the political power. Instead of accepting white philanthropy, often misguided and always humiliating, Counterpart uses teams under the joint direction of a black man and a white man—the counterparts—to try to solve problems *that are always defined by the blacks*. The process is mutually educational. Working with blacks on black problems, whites have their understanding enlarged. Working with highly educated, skilled, and effective white partners, blacks begin to create a reservoir of expertise and sophistication that gives hope for the future.

The notion of cooperation goes back to the time when Counterpart's originator, Kemp Miller, was working as a janitor in the Shockley Transistor plant, and was given a hand by a white engineer. "He gave me a break," Miller says, "and I went as far as I could go. There was some kind of communion there. Soul, you know? I could talk to him, not as a black man to a white man, but as just two human beings. It's kind of hard to fight that."

Having ironically discovered white

(*Continued on page* 15)

WALLACE STEGNER is professor of creative writing at Stanford University.

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Changes in the Black Ghetto—II

CLEVELAND

Two ministers and their congregations are striving to achieve a new kind of community togetherness.

by JOHN G. MEARNS

Outwardly, nothing has changed at the Unitarian Society of Cleveland. The parking lot is still unpaved and rutted. The gutter and the scrawny grass remain littered and brown. The door to the old stone building, at East 82nd Street and Euclid Avenue, in the heart of the city's black ghetto, continues to be locked except on Sunday. The doorbell, intercom speaker, and peephole are in evidence.

But to the Reverend John Frazier, a black man, it is the site of an unprecedented historic action. "Never before has the oppressor voluntarily empowered the oppressed," he has said.

To the Reverend Farley W. Wheelwright, a white man, who, as the world usually reckons but not as he sees it, has lost a lot of skin in the deal, it is the scene of a great adventure for not only himself but his congregation, a bold sally into the eye of the hurricane in which, "by risking all, we may save all."

Unitarians, both in the Society and outside, characteristically cannot agree on an interpretation of what has been done, but none would deny that a storm exists or that the Society, which gave its church building and much of its money to a black religious group, has been in the middle of it.

The historic action, the adventure, the plot, the great giveaway, or the copout (it has been called all these things) began last September, when the Reverend Mr. Wheelwright returned from a summer out of town and sent a memorandum to his board of trustees. The church, he wrote, was in trouble, and it was time to take stock. Built as First Unitarian in 1907, when the Euclid Avenue mansions of the Hannas, the Mathers, and the Rockefellers were still occupied by their builders or their heirs, the church had been through one crisis in 1952, the year the neighborhood started to swarm with Negro and Appalachian families. A majority of the congregation voted then to move to Shaker Heights, taking the name with them, but a group within the congregation had refused to go along. Forming themselves into the Unitarian Society of Cleveland, they bought the old building from the departing majority and vowed to establish an integrated congregation in the heart of the city, where they had always gone to church.

However, the congregation became nearly static, with about 280 members, only 10 per cent of them black. Despite continued efforts to "relate to the community," the church was, to its neighbors, a foreign body. Few of them ever entered it to worship. Some came in only to steal; floor polishers and typewriters had a short life. Churchgoers were sometimes molested in the streets, and many stopped attending. Once, a bride's going-away clothes were stolen from the church while the wedding ceremony was in progress.

With Sunday attendance down, participation in evening meetings more greatly reduced, and enrollment in the church school falling off, the church was dipping into its endowment, spending some of its capital funds each year in order to make ends meet.

The church, said Mr. Wheelwright, could do any one of several things, but it should do something. It could try, he suggested, to establish a parallel, black congregation that would relate to the neighborhood and share the building with the Society. It could sell the building and move to the suburbs. It could combine with some other like-minded religious group. Or it could give the building to the black Unitarians, who by now had an organization within the national Unitarian-Universalist Association as they have within other national church groups. It could even continue as it was going, but, if it did, it should be a conscious decision, rather than something that happened simply because no one had decided to do anything else.

The board moved quickly. It asked Mr. Wheelwright to preach a sermon on the subject, and organized a series of weekly meetings over the next two months, at which the congregation would examine the choices.

The church heard from the president of the Black Affairs Caucus, a group operating within the UUA, and from leaders of Black and White Action, a national Unitarian integrationist group. It heard from black and white, Unitarian and non-Unitarian. It heard from its own members at great length, for the church had agreed to publish the written opinion of all who wanted to be heard. Many did.

Mr. Wheelwright, having been asked by his board to remain outside the decision-making process, kept silent except in the pulpit, which, by strict tradition, is his alone. In a sermon, without advocating any course for the church, he reiterated his belief in the correctness and efficacy of black empowerment. Only through allowing the

JOHN G. MEARNS, formerly a staff member of the defunct New York *Herald Tribune*, is now a free-lance writer in Cleveland.

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Cleveland Unitarians at deed presentation. L. to r.: James Huston, Society's president; Rev. Farley Wheelwright; Raymond Wofford, president, Black Unitarian-Universalist Caucus; and Rev. John Frazier.

Negroes to go it on their own, to find their own way, could white men of good will help find the path to ultimate integration.

"Time was," he said, "when white liberals were certain they had the keys to viable race relations. Just make the black people as nice as we are and everything will be dandy. . . .

"But our white keys have failed to unlock the doors of equal opportunity for masses of black men, women, and children. The reason for their failure is easy to see: We had no master key, just lots of little keys to little doorways. While we opened cracks for selected blacks to enter the white world of education, professions, homes, politics, we systematically kept locked the doors of black heritage, universal education, equal opportunity. White liberal sympathy to black oppression has ever been magnanimous. White dollars—that is, white power—has remained solidly entrenched in white banks, white real estate, white institutions.

"The key to brotherhood, white-style, failed to open doors for yet another, more basic reason: . . . masses of black people did not and do not want to enter our world, to become part of our standards. Whiteness is not all that attractive.

"We now must realize that there can be no togetherness until black people have an identity uniquely their own and white people respect it; until black people have built their own society, made their own mistakes, found, to quote James Baldwin, 'a communion within the depths of their own being' that is respected by whites and themselves equally. Power, money, integration will come naturally to those who are thus liberated.

"Meanwhile, we must face the consequences of four hundred years of white oppression of black men, women, and children. And one of the consequences, it seems to me, is that for a time white and black Unitarians in the Society will have to form into separate units as a prelude to the ultimate, more perfect union."

Church members exhausted themselves in the process that followed: "It was," said one wan member after it was over, "like group analysis." They examined their situation, each other's opinions, and their consciences.

What finally emerged, after two congregational meetings and a lawsuit instituted but lost by a dissatisfied minority, was a decision to give the building (valued at $205,000) and $54,000 of the $165,000 endowment to a local group of black Unitarians, with the Society congregation remaining in the building as rent-paying tenants as long as they wished.

Thus did the white oppressor, personified by a church congregation that was itself not robust and was divided in its view, reluctantly empower the oppressed, in this case a small group of black Unitarians, many of whom had been members of the integrated congregation for years, and had worked with and been friends of the white members.

The Reverend Mr. Frazier, Mississippi-born and raised ("I've picked cotton and seen pregnant women beaten up because they didn't pick enough. You probably can't understand the problem fully without that kind of experience") and Mississippi-educated ("Tougaloo College. It used to be for the education of light-skinned Negroes. Now they take people my color"), a graduate of Tufts Divinity School, and a student for a year at Oxford, is a friendly, engaging, articulate, and frightening man.

To the question most asked by whites—"Why do black people have to build their own society? Why can't we solve the problem with more and more integration?"—his answer runs like this: "Because every black person, with no exceptions, has deep within him hatred of the white man. It may, in an individual, almost never show, but it's there, and in times of stress it will show. And because the black man cannot be himself in the presence of white people. When we're with white people, we play games."

Mr. Frazier is a humanist; in his view, a large part of religion consists of freeing men from this kind of thing. Until the hatred and the game-playing end, until the black man finds himself, learns to live honestly with himself, there can be no real progress. It is a long process, and it will take time, but at least a beginning has been made.

Mr. Frazier has started building a congregation that calls itself the Humanist Fellowship for Liberation. Unlike many Unitarian churches and fellowships, it does not have an open-membership policy. In its tender, formative state, the group has felt no need of members with other axes to grind—people who might like to use it for activist, militant ends, for example. The group is directing its efforts in the area its name implies—as a religious entity. (The Fellowship holds its worship services on Sunday afternoons; the Society still meets at its customary time, Sunday morning.)

Mr. Frazier has started relating to the community, taking calls at all hours from neighbors with problems ranging from sickness and no heat or inoperative plumbing to death and domestic crisis. He plans a walk-in clinic, where people can come at any time with their problems; he plans a public address system in the street, to carry the sounds of religious services to the outside. He plans a youth counseling service, a job office, a day-care center.

John Frazier talks and acts quickly. His tall, slender frame, which looks all bones, moves with an elastic bounce even when he is tired, and his casual contacts are marked by an insouciant air that is quickly belied when he talks. Farley Wheelwright studied the winds and the dark clouds and sailed his vessel into the eye of the storm; John Frazier is a dark, lithe figure whirling through a world on fire.

What of Wheelwright's storm? Will he make it through? It's too early to tell, he says. His congregation has disposed of most of its wealth. It has lost some members, most of whom are as concerned as the majority about race problems, but who feel a mistake is being made through "separatism," rather than a continuing to work together. Some of them make no secret of their feeling of having been rejected by the people they tried for so long to help. Their hearts are pure, they feel, and they deny, even in its symbolic sense, the label of oppressor.

James I. Huston, president of the So-

(*Continued on page* 54)

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(*Continued from page* 12)
decency in the firm founded by William B. Shockley, the Nobel Prize physicist with the eccentric racial theories, this son of a Texas refinery worker never forgot it. Given opportunity to grow, Miller grew; as he read and thought and studied, he worked at ways in which he could make socially effective his conviction that it was not always impossible to work with "the Man." By the time he arrived at the Hewlett Packard plant as an associate engineer, he had a couple of patents in electrolysis, and he had been developing his Counterpart idea for two years.

Miller impressed both William Hewlett, now president of the company, and David Packard, now Assistant Secretary of Defense. Each, as individuals, has backed him; neither has ever tried to direct Miller. As a black man, he found his way himself. "What would you do if you could do something?" he asked himself. His answer was that he would try to mobilize the potential good will on both sides of the color line—in effect, ignore the color line—for the betterment of the black people and the local community. Learning what Miller was attempting to do, Packard gave him two months off with pay so that he could work at it full time. Later, Packard told him he needn't return to work. Miller has been on the Hewlett Packard books as a "loaned executive" ever since.

Miller's first move, in the spring of 1966, grew out of his dissatisfaction with the way United Crusade funds were being used in the black community. He organized a meeting to which Warren Dobbs, San Mateo County director of the crusade, brought six white leaders, Miller six blacks. Some of those first counterparts have been active from the beginning to the present: blacks Herb Harrison and Lt. Col. Elisha McNair, whites John Jenks and the Reverend Cary Weisiger.

The first project—an attempt to create a model block in East Menlo Park—fell flat. Volunteers drifted away, shrubs died, yards filled up as fast as they were cleaned, and the black community remained suspicious and sunk in apathy. The problem was how to overcome this suspicion and apathy without giving up the direction to whites whom the black community might reject as do-gooders. Although there were four whites to every black in the Counterpart of 1966—the ratio today is three to one—Miller was stubborn about how he would use white help. He was not in the good-guy business; he was trying to get jobs done. He despises such words as "moderate," which he thinks of as middle-of-the-road, and "integration," which he feels implies a surrender to white values. He favors such words as "dynamic" and "militant"; he conceives of himself as a militant in the sense that Martin Luther King was a militant: someone who goes where the battles are and tries to engineer social change.

In the four years since the failure of Counterpart's first project, the organization's teams, needled and pushed by Miller's energy and imagination and aided by the organizations they have created or joined for more effective action, have made enough progress so that Miller can say, "Judge us by what we've done. It's visible, you can see it. It isn't nearly enough, but it's *something*."

There is still no model city east of Bayshore. But thanks to Counterpart's initiative and its willingness to work patiently with other organizations, government agencies, foundations, and anyone who can help, there are:

- a teen center in East Menlo Park that gives 250 youngsters a place to go and constructive things to do;
- a Little League ball park three times as big as it used to be, and three times as active;
- a Bank of America branch in a community that never had a bank;
- a seven-acre lot on which before long will be built a civic center of 50,000 square feet, saving residents the necessity of going to Redwood City for services;
- a shopping center, bought by Counterpart with the aid of a $150,000 loan and dedicated to keeping within the community some of its estimated $29-million of annual retail spending;
- an East Menlo church that has been rebuilt, renovated, and furnished by volunteer labor under Counterpart direction;
- a hundred houses in East Menlo that have been painted without cost to their owners, and many dozen yards that have been cleaned up and landscaped, because Counterpart sought and obtained a grant from the San Francisco Foundation, organized a work force of professionals and trainees, established a warehouse, and went to work.

That model block project will be a reality yet, and, in the process of making it a reality, a number of black youths will have been trained as painters and gardeners.

In cooperation with its offshoot organization, the Mid-Peninsula Business Leadership Council, first under the leadership of John Black, a Pacific Telephone executive, and later under Allan Brown, a builder, Counterpart has held two job fairs that have produced 1,500 jobs for blacks. It has helped conduct an interracial fair that drew 5,000 people, almost evenly

Kemp Miller—" 'Love is an active verb.' "

divided between black and white. Through its education fund, it has helped dozens of black college students stay in school by providing for the small personal expenses that scholarships seldom cover. It has helped reestablish a dormant nursery school for the children of working mothers, and it has obtained the land for a larger and more ample nursery school whenever funds can be arranged. (There is an application before the Department of Health, Education and Welfare.) And it was instrumental, over two-and-a-half laborious years, in preparing the plans for a recreational center at Kelly Park, the area's single park and recreation space, and in working with the city of Menlo Park to obtain funds for it from the Department of Housing and Urban Development. Authorization for $356,000 did come through last February and will be augmented by $225,000 of Menlo Park money to be used for the building of a recreation center, ball field, playground, and, eventually, a swimming pool.

Drops in the bucket? Pebbles of accomplishment beside the pyramid of social inequality and injustice? Perhaps, but none the less visible. "Almost everything we did in 1969 came out right," Miller says. Those who have worked closely with him and put much of themselves into that labor are free to say that a lot of it would not have happened without Kemp Miller. He has no paid staff. His little office in Menlo Park contains only himself and a series of volunteer secretaries. In his own phrase, he has worked his ass off, and by his example and charisma induced others to do the same.

"Love is an active verb," Miller says. "People helping other people to help themselves *can't* be passive." He thinks of Counterpart as "Christian dynamics in action," and the Reverend Mr. Weisiger, one of his first and most persistent co-workers, agrees that "Coun-

(*Continued on page* 54)

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Saturday Review

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Modern Man Is Obsolete

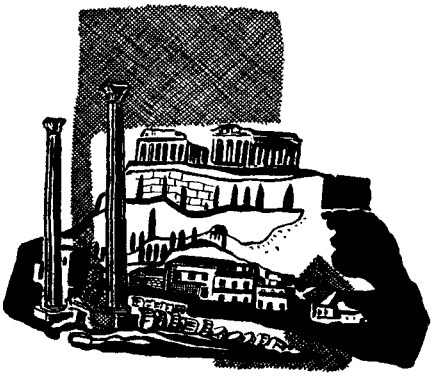
EDITOR'S NOTE: *Twenty-five years ago this month, the Saturday Review published an editorial on the implications of the atomic destruction of Hiroshima and the advent of nuclear energy. That editorial marked a new philosophical course for the magazine, a course that has persisted this past quarter-century. On the anniversary of Hiroshima, the editors republish herewith the bulk of that editorial as a restatement of* SR's *editorial aims.*

Whatever elation there is in the world today because of final victory in the war is severely tempered by fear. It is a primitive fear, the fear of the unknown, the fear of forces man can neither channel nor comprehend. This fear is not new; in its classical form it is the fear of irrational death. But overnight it has become intensified, magnified. It has burst out of the subconscious and into the conscious, filling the mind with primordial apprehensions. It is thus that man stumbles fitfully into a new age of atomic energy for which he is as ill-equipped to accept its potential blessings as he is to counteract or control its present dangers.

Where man can find no answer, he will find fear. While the dust was still settling over Hiroshima, he was asking himself questions and finding no answers. The biggest question of these concerns the nature of man. Is war in the nature of man? If so, how much time has he left before he employs the means he has already devised for the ultimate in self-destruction—extinction? And now that the science of warfare has reached the point where it threatens the planet itself, is it possible that man is destined to return the earth to its aboriginal incandescent mass blazing at fifty million degrees? If not—that is, if war is not in the nature of man—then how is he to interpret his own experience, which tells him that in all of recorded history there have been only 300 years in the aggregate during which he has been free of war?

Closely following upon these are other questions, flowing out endlessly from his fears and without prospect of definitive answer. Even assuming that he could hold destructive science in check, what changes would the new age bring or demand in his everyday life? What changes would it bring or demand in his culture, his education, his philosophy, his religion, his relationships with other human beings?

In speculating upon these questions, it should not be necessary to prove that



on August 6, 1945, a new age was born. That day marks the violent death of one stage in man's history and the beginning of another. Nor should it be necessary to prove the saturating effect of the new age, permeating every aspect of man's activities, from machines to morals, from physics to philosophy, from politics to poetry; in sum, it is an effect creating a blanket of obsolescence not only over the methods and the products of man but over man himself.

It is a curious phenomenon of nature that only two species practice the art of war—men and ants, both of which, ironically, maintain complex social organizations. This does not mean that only men and ants engage in the murder of their own kind. Many animals of the same species kill each other, but only men and ants have practiced the science of organized destruction, employing their massed numbers in violent combat and relying on strategy and tactics to meet developing situations or to capitalize on the weaknesses in the strategy and tactics of the other side. The longest continuous war ever fought between men lasted thirty years. The longest ant war ever recorded lasted six-and-a-half weeks, or whatever the corresponding units would be in ant reckoning.

It is encouraging to note that while all entomologists are agreed that war is instinctive with ants, not all anthropologists and biologists are agreed that war is instinctive with men. The strict empiricists, of course, find everything in man's history to indicate that war is locked up with his nature. But a broader and more generous, certainly more philosophical, view is held by those scientists who claim that the evidence to date is incomplete and misleading, and that man *does* have within him the power of abolishing war. Prominent among these is Julian Huxley, who draws a sharp distinction between human nature and the *expression* of human nature. Thus, war is not a reflection but an expression of his nature. Moreover, the expression may change, as the factors that lead to war may change. "In man, as in ants, war in any serious sense is bound up with the existence of accumulations of property to fight about. . . . As for human nature, it contains no specific war instinct, as does the nature of harvester ants. There is in man's makeup a general aggressive tendency, but this, like all other human urges, is not a specific and unvarying instinct; it can be molded into the most varied forms."

But even if this gives us a reassuring answer to the question—is war inevitable because of man's nature?—it still leaves unanswered the question concerning the causes leading up to war. The expression of man's nature will

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continue to be warlike if the same conditions are continued that have provoked warlike expressions in him in the past. And since man's survival on earth is now absolutely dependent on his ability to avoid a new war, he is faced with the so-far insoluble problem of eliminating those causes.

In the most primitive sense, war in man is an expression of his competitive impulses. Like everything else in nature, he has had to fight for existence; but the battle against other animals, once won, gave way in his evolution to battle against his own kind. Darwin called it the survival of the fittest, and its most overstretched interpretation is to be found in *Mein Kampf*, with its naked glorification of brute force and the complete worship of might makes right. In the political and national sense, it has been the attempt of the "have-nots" to take from the "haves," or the attempt of the "haves" to add further to their lot at the expense of the "have-nots." Not always was property at stake; comparative advantages were measured in terms of power, and in terms of tribal or national superiority. The good luck of one nation became the hard luck of another. The good fortune of the Western powers in obtaining "concessions" in China at the turn of the century was the ill fortune of the Chinese. The power that Germany stripped from Austria, Czechoslovakia, Poland, and France at the beginning of World War II, she added to her own.

What does it matter, then, if war is not in the nature of man so long as man continues through the expression of his nature to be a viciously competitive animal? The effect is the same, and therefore the result must be as conclusive—war being the effect, and complete obliteration of the human species being the result.

If this reasoning is correct, then modern man is obsolete, a self-made anachronism becoming more incongruous by the minute. He has exalted change in everything but himself. He has leaped centuries ahead in inventing a new world to live in, but he knows little or nothing about his own part in that world. He has surrounded and confounded himself with gaps—gaps between revolutionary science and evolutionary anthropology, between cosmic gadgets and human wisdom, between intellect and conscience. The struggle between science and morals that Henry Thomas Buckle foresaw a century ago has been all but won by science. Given time, man might be expected to bridge those gaps normally; but by his own hand, he is destroying even time. Communication, transportation, war no longer wait on time. Decision and execution in the modern world are becoming virtually synchronous. Thus, whatever bridges man has to build and cross he will have to build and cross immediately.

This involves both biology and will. If he lacks the actual and potential biological equipment to build those bridges, then the birth certificate of the Atomic Age is in reality a *memento mori*. But even if he possesses the necessary biological equipment, he must still make the decision which says that he is to apply himself to the challenge. Capability without decision is inaction and inconsequence.

Man is left, then, with a crisis in decision. The main test before him involves his will to change rather than his ability to change. That he is capable of change is certain. For there is no more mutable or adaptable animal in the world. We have seen him migrate from one extreme clime to another. We have seen him step out of backward societies and join advanced groups. We have seen, within the space of a single generation, tribes of head-hunters spurn their acephalous pastimes and rituals and become purveyors of the Western arts. This is not to imply that the change was necessarily for the better; only that change was possible. Changeability with the head-hunters proceeded from external pressure and fear of punishment, true, and was only secondarily a matter of voluntary decision. But the stimulus was there; and mankind today need look no further for stimulus than its own desire to stay alive. The critical power of change, says Spengler, is directly linked to the survival drive. Once the instinct for survival is stimulated, the basic condition for change can be met.

That is why the quintessence of destruction as potentially represented by modern science must be dramatized and kept in the forefront of public opinion. The full dimensions of the peril must be seen and recognized. Then and only then will man realize that the first order of business is the question of continued existence. Then and only then will he be prepared to make the decisions necessary to assure that survival.

In making these decisions, there are two principal courses that are open to him. Both will keep him alive for an indefinite or at least a reasonably long period. These courses, however, are directly contradictory and represent polar extremes of approach.

The first course is the positive approach. It begins with a careful survey and appraisal of the obsolescences that constitute the afterbirth of the new age. The survey must begin with man himself. "The proper study of Mankind is Man," said Pope. No amount of tinkering with his institutions will be sufficient to insure his survival unless he can make the necessary adjustments in his own relationship to the world and to society.

The first adjustment or mutation needed in the expression of his nature, to use Huxley's words, is his savagely competitive impulses. In the pre-Atomic Age, those impulses were natural and occasionally justifiable, though they often led to war. But the rise of materialistic man had reasons behind it and must be viewed against its natural setting. Lyell, Spencer, Darwin, Lamarck, Malthus, and others have concerned themselves with various aspects of this natural setting, but its dominant feature was an insufficiency of the goods and the needs of life. From biblical history right up through the present, there was never time when starvation and economic suffering were not acute somewhere in the world.

This is only part of the story, of course, for it is dangerous to apply an economic interpretation indiscriminately to all history. Politics, religion, force for force's sake, jealousy, ambition, love of conquest, love of reform—all these and others have figured in the equations of history and war. But the economic factor was seldom if ever absent, even when it was not the prime mover. Populations frequently increased more rapidly than available land, goods, or wealth. Malthus believed that they increased so rapidly at times that war or plague became nature's safety valve. This interpretation has undergone some revision, but it is not the interpretation but the circumstances that raise the problem.

Yet, all this has been—or can be—

Man is but a reed, the most feeble thing in nature, but he is a thinking reed. The entire universe need not arm itself to crush him. A vapor, a drop of water suffices to kill him. . . . All our dignity, then, consists of thought. By it we must elevate ourselves, and not by space and time which we cannot fill. Let us endeavor then to think well: this is the principle of morality. By space the universe encompasses and swallows me up like an atom; by thought I comprehend the world.

—Blaise Pascal, *The Philosophers* (1670).

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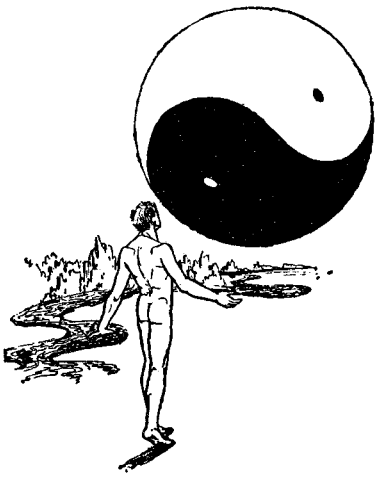
changed by the new age. Man now has it within his grasp to emancipate himself economically. If he wills it, he is in a position to refine his competitive impulse; he can take the step from competitive man to cooperative man. He has at last unlocked enough of the earth's secrets to provide for his needs on a world scale. The same atomic and electrical energy that can destroy a city can also usher in an age of economic sufficiency. It need no longer be a question as to which peoples shall prosper and which shall be deprived. There is power enough and resources enough for all.

It is here that man's survey of himself needs the severest scrutiny, for he is his own greatest obstacle to the achievement of those attainable and necessary goals. While he is willing to mobilize all his scientific and intellectual energies for purposes of death, he is unwilling to undertake any comparable mobilization for purposes of life. He has shattered the atom and harnessed its fabulous power to a bomb, but he balks—or allows himself to be balked—when it comes to harnessing that power for human progress. Even as man stands on the threshold of a new age, he is being pulled back by his coattails and told to look the other way, told that he must not allow his imagination to get out of hand—all this at a time when he should know almost instinctively that if he can put the same courage, daring, imagination, ingenuity, and skill that he demonstrated in winning the war into meeting the problems of the new age, he can win the peace as well.

He must believe, too, that mobilization of science and knowledge in peace should not be confined to cosmic forces, but must be extended to his other needs, principally health. What a fantastic irony that organized science knows the secret of the atom but as yet knows not a fig about the common cold! Who can tell what advances in medical knowledge might accrue to the welfare of mankind if as much mobilized effort were put into the study of man as there has been of matter! Cancer, heart disease, nephritis, leukemia, encephalitis, poliomyelitis, arteriosclerosis, aplastic anemia—all these are anomalies in the modern world; there is no reason why mobilized research should not be directed at their causes and cure. Nor is there any reason why even old age should not be regarded as a disease to be attacked by science in the same intensive fashion.

Surveying other adjustments he will have to make if he chooses the positive course, man must consider himself in relation to his individual development. He can have the limitless opportunities that can come with time to think. The trend during the last fifty years toward



shorter work weeks and shorter hours will be not only continued but sharply accelerated. Not more than half of each week will be spent earning a living. But a revolution is needed in his leisure-time activities—which so far have come to be associated almost entirely with the commodities of vended amusement. Once before, the world knew a Golden Age where the development of the individual—his mind and his body—was considered the first law of life. In Greece, it took the form of the revolution of awareness, the emancipation of the intellect from the limitations of corroding ignorance and prejudice.

Once again, if man wills it, he can be in a position to restore that first law of life. But he will have to effect a radical transformation in his approach to and philosophy of education, which must prepare him for the opportunities and responsibilities of not only his chosen work but the business of living itself. The primary aim should be the development of a critical intelligence. The futile war now going on between specialization and general study must be stopped. There need no longer be any conflict between the two. The individual will need both—specialization for the requirements of research, general knowledge for the requirements of living.

To see creatures, wiser indeed than the monkey, and more active than the oyster, claiming to themselves the mastery of heaven; minims, the tenants of an atom, thus arrogating a partnership in the creation of universal Nature!

—Oliver Goldsmith, *The Citizen of the World* (1762).

The first and last of all life's complicated circumstances, the presiding fact, utterly astonishing, even stupefying, is that we are wholly in the dark about everything. Blank ignorance is our portion. In reasoning from the experience of nature and ourselves, we have all the evidence there is. We can add none. There remains, then, the reasoning itself, which is philosophy.

—W. Macneile Dixon, *The Human Situation* (1937).

We have saved for last the most crucial aspect of this general survey relating to the first course: the transformation or adjustment from national man to world man. Already he has become a world warrior; it is but one additional step—though a long one—for him to develop a world conscience. This is not vaporous idealism, but sheer driving necessity. It bears directly on the prospects of his own survival. He will have to recognize the flat truth that the greatest obsolescence of all in the Atomic Age is national sovereignty. Even back in the old-fashioned rocket age before August 6, 1945, strict national sovereignty was an anomalous and preposterous holdover from the tribal instinct in nations. If it was anomalous then, it is the quintessence of anomaly now. The world is a geographic entity. This is not only the basic requisite for world government but the basic reason behind the need. A common ground of destiny is not too large a site for the founding of any community.

Reject all other arguments for *real* world government—reject the economic, the ideological, the sociological, the humanitarian arguments, valid though they may be. Consider only the towering problem of policing the atom—the problem of keeping the smallest particle of matter from destroying all matter. We are building on soap bubbles if we expect this problem to be automatically solved by having America, Britain, and Canada keep the secret to themselves. That is not only highly improbable, but would in itself stimulate the other nations to undertake whatever additional research might be necessary over their present experimentation to yield the desired results. In all history, there is not a single instance of a new weapon being kept exclusively by any power or powers; sooner or later either the basic principles become generally known or parallel devices are invented. Before long, the atomic bomb will follow the jet plane, the rocket bomb, radar, and the flame thrower into general circulation. We must not forget that we were not the only horse in the atomic derby; we just happened to finish first. The others will be along in due time.

Nor can we rely on destructive atomic energy to take care of itself. Already there is the tempting but dan-

(*Continued on page* 53)

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Letters to the Editor

TV, FCC, et al.

ALL VERY WELL for Nicholas Johnson in "What Do We Do About Television?" [*SR*, July 11] to chide critics of TV for not pushing hard enough against the corporate barons we abhor; but it is curious that he neglects to criticize the FCC's role (for which, I realize, he carries but a minority responsibility).

In the same issue, *SR*'s TV-Radio columnist, Robert Lewis Shayon, reports on a grassroots attempt to challenge right-wing control of radio, and on the FCC's dilatory tactics in response. Such tactics, or nontactics, are far from unusual; they are, indeed, the FCC's rule, and reflect the fact that the commission is responsible to the barons, not the public. Reports like Mr. Shayon's help to clarify why critics tend to be driven in one of two directions: toward more forceful ("extreme") demonstrations of opposition, or toward a cavalier apathy.

TODD GITLIN,
Carmel, Calif.

NICHOLAS JOHNSON may have done better by following his own advice: petition ABC, CBS, NBC, et al., for an hour of prime time in which to deliver his message.

CHRISTOPHER W. BURDICK,
Fair Lawn, N.J.

Clarification

THIS LETTER is to draw attention to two errors in David Dempsey's article "Libraries and the Inner City" [*SR*, Apr. 18].

Mr. Dempsey stated that "Last year, the city of Roswell, New Mexico, fired librarian Gordon McShean for. . . ." This is entirely inaccurate. On September 25, 1967, I submitted my resignation to the Board of Trustees of the Roswell Public Library. This was refused, and at that meeting the Library Board also passed unanimously a resolution criticizing pressure from special interest groups and hasty, erroneous, and ill-considered action of the City Council opposing the library program. However, after receiving physically threatening phone calls, my wife and I felt that it would be personally dangerous for us to remain in the community, and for that reason I submitted a second resignation, with the explanation to the board that we appreciated their desire for us to stay but we felt forced to leave the community even if the resignation were not accepted. On that basis, the resignation was accepted.

Mr. Dempsey continues the previous statement by stating that my leaving was for "bad judgment." At no time was the phrase "bad judgment" suggested to me, and the reaction of the board was generally that the series of poetry readings and their handling was entirely appropriate, and the particular program in question, as well as its title, had been discussed with the Library Board president in advance of its announcement. Furthermore, numerous expressions of professional support were received from local, state, and national library quarters, including a resolution of the Executive Board of the New Mexico Library Association stating that "Imaginative library programs of all sorts are important to the intellectual well-being of any community." In general, the professional opinion was entirely supporting of the program in the manner in which it was handled.

For a periodical as significant in library circles as *SR* I feel it is especially important to report accurately those facts which reflect upon the careers of library professionals. The response to my professional activities in Roswell was excellent, and my support by the Library Board was most encouraging. The only reason for my leaving was the threat of personal physical attack by a few emotionally distraught individuals.

GORDON MCSHEAN,
Dundee, Ill.

Score Half a Point

WILBUR M. SMITH, in his comments [LETTERS TO THE EDITOR, July 4] on my remarks about the Reading Room of the British Museum library, has made a point. Half a point, anyway. One doesn't really have to begin queueing at 9 in the morning in order to get a seat in the Reading Room. It just happens to be *desirable*, if you want to be sure (although August is an almost impossible month, when the library is so heavily patronized by on-vacation students). As for being ejected for chewing gum, of course I was having a little fun. I've never seen anybody put out for that revolting practice; on the other hand, I've never *seen* anybody chewing gum in the Reading Room. The library's printed rules specifically forbid it. Also, visitors come in with clean hands. They seem to know *all* the rules, which, among many other strictures, even forbid a visitor to lay a piece of paper on the open pages of a book.

Finally, the matter of talking. Mr. Smith states he has seen husbands and wives frequently consulting each other. I don't have Mr. Smith's ability for knowing which Reading Room visitors are married to one another. My own experience is that there simply is no talking whatsoever. Next time Mr. Smith comes to London, I'll be happy to go to the library with him. Then he can talk to me. At first he will be warned. If he persists, he will be thrown out; and I will be there to catch him.

HERBERT R. MAYES,
London, England.

AND IN THIS CORNER, WEIGHING TWO HUNDRED AND THREE POUNDS, WEARING BLACK TRUNKS... FROM THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA, IS THE UNDEFEATED HEAVYWEIGHT CHAMPION OF THE WORLD... JOE PALOOKA!
¡GASP!¿ NO--IT CAN'T BE YOU!
SPLAT!
OH, GO AWAY! ITS ONLY A SLIGHT COLD!
STUPID BEAGLE!
THE MAN AT THE WHEEL OF THAT CAR... HE'S AN ESCAPED CONVICT! I'D BETTER SWITCH TO SUPERMAN!
YOU MUST REMAIN CALM, MRS. MAPES!
SIGH!
HUH?
?!
Joe Palooka

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SR Goes to the Movies

Arthur Knight

It Suffers in the Translation

ALL MY LIFE, it seems to me, I have been listening to long, complicated Jewish jokes with the tag line in Yiddish. Everybody laughs, applauds the speaker, and loves the whole thing. But if, timidly, I ask for a translation, I am invariably told that it's not quite the same in English. I had something of the same feeling after coming away from *The Angel Levine,* based on a short story by Bernard Malamud, and adapted by William Gunn and Ronald Ribman. Just as the film reaches its climax, they switch to Yiddish. And while I'm sure that it was all very touching, tender, and tinged with humor—just as the rest of the film had been—nevertheless, I felt a little left out, a little cheated. At the very least, they could have provided subtitles.

On reflection, I suspect that the entire picture could have benefited from a bit more clarification. Why does the aged Morris Mishkin, searching through Harlem for the Negro Angel Levine, simply leave Levine's battered hat on a pew instead of asking the rabbi if he knows him? Does Mishkin, in the final shot, really think that the pigeon feather floating down from on high is from Levine? Has he suddenly come to believe in both angels and the God that this particular angel stands for? In his earlier film *The Shop on Main Street,* director Jan Kadar provided an apotheosis that told us, in a lovely, romantic, somewhat sentimental way, that his two main characters were reunited in death. In *The Angel Levine,* he leaves us dangling.

Though the inconclusive ending is no longer a novelty, it is disconcerting to find it attached to a movie that, in all other respects, is reminiscent of Frank Capra at his prime, with just a touch of *Here Comes Mr. Jordan* thrown in for good measure. Morris Mishkin, superbly played by Zero Mostel, is an elderly, defeated Jewish tailor with an ailing wife (Ida Kaminska, of *The Shop on Main Street*). While he rails against God's injustices, and she lies dying, Harry Belafonte introduces himself as a Jewish angel condemned—one gathers for previous, unnamed sins—to rekindle the flickering flames of Mishkin's belief in the Lord's goodness. There is an irony, not nearly sufficiently developed, in the fact that Mishkin, who has been a pious man, must accept Levine—who has been anything but—as an emissary of the Lord before the miracle that will save Fanny Mishkin's life can be wrought.

Kadar is beautiful and right in his treatment of the scenes between the elderly couple. There is a sense of ethnic awareness rarely encountered in American films; a sense, also, of an enduring relationship in which each is all too aware of the human weaknesses of the other. The core of the film, the sad acknowledgment that the death of a loved one is imminent, Kadar has realized with a tender compassion that is infinitely moving. It is the otherworldly aspects of his story that give him trouble, that cause him to fumble. At the opening, when Mishkin inadvertently causes the death of a young sneak thief, the shots desaturate from color to black-and-white, then back to color again. Why? The real question is whether the dead young man is the Angel Levine who returns to haunt him, but this is never cleared up. And how do angels make assignations with former girl friends?

Such inconsistencies constantly undermine *The Angel Levine,* as does a camera style that went out of date with *Citizen Kane,* when cinematographers learned to keep both foreground heads and background heads in focus. And yet I am sure that I shall continue to be haunted by shots of Mostel puttering about a shabby kitchen, trying to read a Jewish newspaper while his wife watches TV, and exuding warmth and humanity as he seeks to dissuade the angel from committing suicide. *The Angel Levine* shows a side of the world that we rarely see on the screen, the world of the common man.

Translation also seems to be one of the troubles with *Something for Everyone,* Broadway producer-director Harold Prince's first venture into film direction. For some reason he (or was it producer John Flaxman?) decided upon an international cast, and I frequently had the feeling that each had been speaking in his native tongue until the dubbers took over. It is a strange story, a sort of Bavarian *Room at the Top* in which an ambiguous young man (Michael York) insinuates himself into the household of an impecunious Countess (Angela Lansbury), then swiftly, unscrupulously advances himself until he is just on the point of becoming the new Count. Miss Lansbury is marvelously imperious in a role that somehow keeps disappearing in the tangled web of the plot; and Michael York glowers a great deal. But both give the impression of being stars who have bestowed their presence upon some Middle-European stock company. Nor are they too far wrong.

Your Literary I.Q.

Conducted by David M. Glixon

METAPHORS

The blanks in the verses quoted below represent words used metaphorically by the poets listed. All you have to do—says Helen Pettigrew of Charleston, Ark.—is supply the right words from Column 2 and assign the verses to their authors. Check your answers on page 54.

1. She was a ( ) of delight. ( )
2. They are neither brute nor human, they are ( ). ( )
3. Sleep that knits up the ravelled ( ) of care. ( )
4. Peace comes . . . / Dropping from the ( ) of morning. ( )
5. Ye stars! which are the ( ) of heaven. ( )
6. Saw the heaven fill with commerce, ( ) of magic sails. ( )
7. I am the ( ) of earth and water. ( )
8. And on thy cheek a fading ( ) Fast withereth too. ( )
9. ( ) of time, the hypocritic days. ( )
10. Reeling, through endless summer days From ( ) of molten blue. ( )
11. Silently / Blossomed the lovely stars, the ( ) of the angels. ( )
12. Ere the ( ) of Time / Cut him down. ( )

A. argosies	a. Byron
B. damsels	b. Dickinson
C. daughter	c. Emerson
D. forget-me-nots	d. Holmes
E. Ghouls	e. Keats
F. inns	f. Longfellow
G. phantom	g. Poe
H. poetry	h. Shakespeare
I. pruning knife	i. Shelley
J. rose	j. Tennyson
K. sleave	k. Wordsworth
L. veils	l. Yeats

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The Poet's Leap Into Reality

by WILLIAM HEYEN

IMAGINATIONS

by William Carlos Williams, edited by Webster Schott

New Directions, 384 pp., $10

William Carlos Williams once told Kenneth Burke about the time a group of admirers had visited him to pay him homage. It was a serious, solemn meeting; Williams's admirers were, no doubt, awed by the poet in his flesh. At parting, Williams did something that later bothered him. He gave a pretty young thing a smack on her fanny. Williams's visitors were upset, and he felt he had spoiled the occasion. But nothing could have been more in character for a poet of spontaneity who had argued against habit and convention throughout his career. The old proprieties never sufficed.

This anecdote has added dimensions. Williams was a poet of the senses, of contact—"no ideas but in things." The gesture, the affectionate smack on the girl's fanny, was a mark of the man. It should have meant only what it was. And that his own action, one that rose up from the inner man as his poems had, one perfect in itself because pure, should have bothered him was one of the contradictions residing within the poet's sensibility. Again and again he would argue, as he does in *The Descent of Winter,* that "One cannot live after a prearranged pattern, it is all dead." And so often he seems to protest too much, self-conscious about the very thin line that existed between automatic writing and his own idea of craft.

Webster Schott has edited an important book. *Imaginations* brings together five early volumes Williams published between 1920 and 1932: *Kora in Hell, Spring and All, The Great American Novel, The Descent of Winter, A Novelette and Other Prose.* All were published in small editions (*The Descent of Winter* appeared in the autumn 1928 issue of *The Exile*) and have been difficult to come by. These five experiments are, as Williams would have been the first to admit, gropings toward more mature work that would come later. But they remain significant and often rewarding in themselves. They dramatize, in addition, the problems and struggles of the artist who would later "make" (Williams's word for the creative process) such major poems as "The Desert Music," "Of Asphodel, That Greeny Flower," and, of course, the five books of *Paterson.*

Schott, in brief but balanced and informative introductions, sees the unity of Williams's work as lying in the poet's early attempts to define and exercise the imagination, without which, as Williams says again and again, we might as well number ourselves among the dead. At the same time Schott realizes that the idea of imagination unifies the five books only emotionally. In fact, wrote Williams, "Unity is the shallowest, the cheapest deception of all composition." No poet was more adamant than he in rejecting a rational theory of art, and even his statements on the imagination are usually vague. Still, *Imaginations* is as good a title as any for this book.

What does worry me a little is the editor's drift toward what I feel to be overstatement: he tells us that Williams "laid the foundation of the most consequential one-man body of modern

WILLIAM HEYEN teaches English at the State University of New York at Brockport. His first volume of poems, *Depth of Field,* was published earlier this year.

SR: BOOKS

Book Review Editor: ROCHELLE GIRSON

21 **"Imaginations,"** by William Carlos Willams, edited by Webster Schott

24 **Book Forum: Letters from Readers**

25 **Perspective:** J. H. Plumb examines the historical fuse for bomb-throwers, as suggested by **"These Are the Good Old Days,"** by Michael Myerson; **"The Making of an Un-American,"** by Paul Cowan, and **"The Right to Say 'We,' "** by Richard Zorza

26 **"The African Dream,"** by Brian Gardner

27 **"The Rise and Fall of a Proper Negro,"** by Leslie Alexander Lacy; **"Return to Black America,"** by William Gardner Smith

28 **"Down All the Days,"** by Christy Brown

29 **"Intensive Care,"** by Janet Frame

29 **Criminal Record**

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literature in American history"; that "Without him one cannot account for contemporary American poetry." I suppose qualifiers would put me more at ease: "*one* of the most consequential bodies"; *it is difficult* to account." This is not just quibbling. Williams's early work raises the most basic questions about poetry, and from a certain point of view, if a too narrow one, it is possible to dismiss him altogether.

What we witness in *Imaginations* is the battle for pure form, for meaning indistinguishable from form, for a new poetry characterized by an imaginative leap that is itself almost beyond definition. Here is the way Williams later described it in his *Autobiography*: "The key, the master-key to the age was that jump from the feeling to the word itself: that which had been got down, the thing to be judged and valued accordingly. Everything else followed that. Without that step having been taken nothing was understandable." Nor can we move into Williams unless we realize that first and foremost he wants us to discard our preconceptions of the sources and aims of poetry.

The source of a poem, Williams argues, is its true words that well up from the poet's true self. The aim of a poem is to be itself, only itself. The point is (and I run the risk of oversimplifying here) that the poet's task is to make us see a tree, for example, in its own right—to make us see it, in other words, now and new, because habit and laziness and poor training have taken the tree away from us. So, too, with words, which have gone rotten on us, bearing the weight of muddy, traditional symbolism. ("Crude symbolism is to associate emotions with natural phenomena such as anger with lightning, flowers with love. . . . Such work is empty.") In the beginning, as Emerson said in *Nature*, each word was a poem, the perfect expression of an insight. Our words have become clichés, and the poet's only recourse is to give them back to themselves, to free them, to place them in new, more local contexts. They need new forces. They have to be freed from the conventions of logic, personal association, memory, traditional form and genre.

This, to Williams, was the essential genius of Gertrude Stein and the source of her art. "A rose is a rose is a rose." And of Juan Gris, whose grapes were grapes. It was a leap from the "sentimental" associations of language to their objective, basically denotative powers that concerned Williams. He was outraged when a committee threw Marcel Duchamp's white enamel urinal out of the Armory Show of 1913. To Williams the source of Duchamp's art was pure, its warnings deadly serious. It is a matter of our survival to see things as they are. And it is, to Williams, a matter of the highest imagination, the most sublime intelligence, to see something new, to make something new. He found no contradiction here. To see the object as it is, in its own existence, is to see it anew. And this is why "so much depends/upon" the famous red wheelbarrow and white chickens. Imaginative perception is synonymous with salvation.

The poet's repetitiousness, even shrillness, in defense of the imagination in these five books is excusable, necessary, for "Everything has a tail of difficulties that swamps the mind before expression." We come to an understanding (a bad word in regard to him, suggesting as it does logic and rationality) of Williams's major argument by a process of accretion. So much of what he says in *Imaginations* tends to illuminate the nature of the imaginative leap. He says that the symmetries of Hellenism are "too little fecundative to impregnate my world"; that he must keep his mind "free from the trammels of literature"; that T. S. Eliot's "The Love Song of J. Alfred Prufrock" and *The Waste Land* were catastrophic, setting poetry back twenty years, returning it to the stifling atmosphere of the academy; that usually there is "more sense in a sentence heard backwards than forward"; that "Fear to vary from the average, fear to feel, to see, to know, to experience—save under the opacity of a mist of equality, a mist of common mediocrity is our character." And never must we think that the imaginative leap is a flight from reality. Just the opposite is true. The modern artist has to strike to the bone of the thing itself, to its essential "thingness."

Even though, in *The Great American Novel*, Williams condemned the "complacent Concordites" for being too imitative, I become more and more convinced that the roots of his art, both technical and thematic, are to be found in Emerson and Thoreau. For one thing, Emerson realized that his was Talent (the ability to make meters and rhymes) rather than true Genius (the flame of poetic inspiration), and the whole brunt of Emerson's esthetic as set forth in "The Poet," an essay that remains central to our time, puts Williams within basic Emersonian tradition. Poetry, said Emerson, stems from "a thought so passionate and alive that like the spirit of a plant or animal it has an architecture of its own, and adorns nature with a new thing." This is not, I take it, a statement of Aristotelian imitation. Williams himself, in *Spring and All* and again in his *Autobiography*, attacks Hamlet's view that art must "hold a mirror up to nature." Art, says Williams, must make a new thing.

Two other points. First, we remember that it was Emerson who greeted Whitman at the beginning of his great career. The vulgar Walt, who could write lines like "Fog in the air, beetles rolling balls of dung" and "The scent of these armpits aroma finer than prayer," and who could celebrate the miracle of digestion and the "Firm masculine colter," exploded the boundaries of poetry's subject matter once and for all. Emerson was glad to see him do it. This breaking of boundaries led Williams to lines that merged what was traditionally considered beautiful and proper with what was considered ugly and squalid: "the moon is in/the oak tree's crotch." Williams's formulation of beauty as being the inner perfection of a thing, his perception that "syphilis is no more than a wild pink in the rock's cleft," his realization, finally, that to make poetry and to render beauty one had to point to the "inimitable particles of dissimilarity to all other things which are the peculiar perfections of the thing in question," as he says in *Kora in Hell*, stem from Emerson as esthetician and Whitman as practitioner.

Also, Williams is an "organic" poet, as these five books attest. He sings the praises of inspiration and has faith that the form one of his works finally achieves, if he has the genius to allow his words to free themselves, to dance, will be the right and only form. It is Emerson, and later the Whitman of "Song of Myself," who clear the way for Williams's poem improvisations in *Kora in Hell*, his interweaving of prose and poetry in *Spring and All* and *The Descent of Winter*, his great American fractured prose non-novel *The Great American Novel*, his automatic writing in *A Novelette*. If Williams does, indeed, adorn nature with new things, the American Transcendentalists justify his meter, subjects, forms, intentions. He cried out for an American poetry of words firmly wedded to a place, a locale, and said that the Concordites were too European. It may very well be that their European roots were not as deep as his own.

Williams had already spent a year and a half in Switzerland and France by the time he entered the University of Pennsylvania in 1902. There he met Ezra Pound and Hilda Doolittle, studied and copied Keats religiously, and began to realize that medicine would be the proper career to complement his life as a poet. The choice wasn't an easy one. Many of his contemporaries believed that the road to free-

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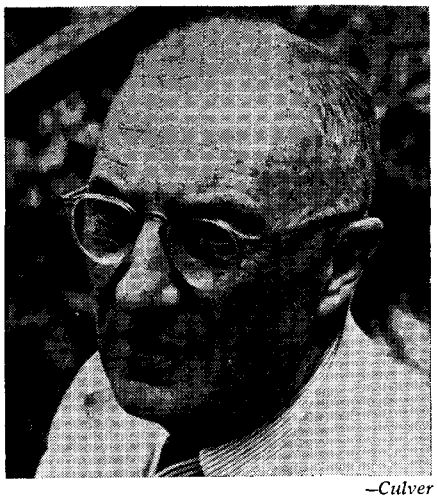
dom led to Bohemia. But in *Spring and All* Williams writes: "The better work men do is always done under stress and at great personal cost." Doc Williams was a physician of great dedication, but always, between patients or late at night, he wrote, and prolifically. His life as a doctor brought him close to the common, close to essentials, and words flooded him. The act of writing was itself meaning and affirmation and even personal therapy. The more trying the time, the more demanding was the poet's urge to release the words. When making house calls he carried a yellow notebook with him to capture the images that inundated him.

He lamented the fact that the new could not get a hearing, that established critics ignored modernism or missed the point. Even Pound, though he somewhat admired what he called Williams's "opacity," asked Williams how a reader of good intentions could come to grips with the improvisations of *Kora in Hell*. To be sure, in *Imaginations* the poet often seems extremely self-conscious about not making in his own work the usual kinds of sense demanded of art. But he went on, throwing in his lot with the avant-garde journals, distrusting the intellect, detesting closed or imposed forms. He was convinced that poetry must, and could, reach out for an objective method. Damn the critics and the stagnant American cultural scene! Full speed ahead! He was confident that work of real value would win out. It had to.

Life, for Williams, would not stand still enough to be true to systems of logic. The poetry of thought was artificial and, therefore, dead. Though Yvor Winters would come, in 1965, to dismiss him as an "anti-intellectual," someone who "did not know what intellect was," Williams's intuition had early brought him toward a concept of the place of idea in poetry from which he would not waver. He saw Marianne Moore as most consistently the consummate American artist. She, "wiping soiled words or cutting them clean out, removing the aureoles that have been pasted about them or taking them bodily from greasy contexts," made a poetry of the highest intelligence. She is concerned, writes Williams, with "the hard and unaffected concept of the apple itself as an idea. . . ." This is Williams's praise of a poet who knew enough to make the imaginative leap to a higher level of truth. Miss Moore, he argues, "launched her thought not to have it appear arsenaled as in a textbook on psychology, but to stay among apples and giraffes in a poem." It is a mark of our mediocrity if we are uncomfortable when we cannot isolate the didactic qualities of a poem.

These five books take away from us even the comfort of being able to come



—*Culver*

William Carlos Williams—"clutching at words to maintain his sanity."

to grips with them generically. Williams revised slightly or not at all, fearing that the ogre of sense would rise up from the page. *Kora in Hell* consists of improvisations—anything that came to Williams each night over a year—, many followed by what he called "interpretations." But the interpretations are themselves almost entirely free from explanation. The poet is highly inventive, his words gush out and leap. But the method frequently wears thin. At such times Williams reminds me of the Mr. Imagination of that children's television show of years ago, who loaded up his train with kiddies for the trip to various never-never lands. Williams seems to be saying something, arguing something, and then floods the ground under our feet.

Spring and All has much the same effect. There are brilliant, dazzling passages of prose, and there are poems that many of us know and have come to admire: "By the road to the contagious hospital," "The rose is obsolete," and the poem that begins "The pure products of America/go crazy—" and ends

> Somehow
> it seems to destroy us
>
> It is only in isolate flects that
> something
> is given off
>
> No one
> to witness
> and adjust, no one to drive the car

It is true that Williams began *Spring and All* as a parody of various styles of the time, but chapters out of order, a Roman numeral placed upside down, the constant and purposeful descent into unintelligibility, the catalogues of insignificant images — these things often prove too trying, and the book as a whole remains a pastiche. When I say this, of course, Williams is ready to make me feel foolish. His esthetic presupposes that I need to make the proper imaginative leap, and I have to realize that, as he says in *Kora in Hell*, "The virtue of it all is in an opening of the doors, though some rooms of course will be empty. . . ."

The Great American Novel has no plot and seems to go nowhere. It is a hodgepodge of an antinovel, and reads as though the poet had made a list of novelistic conventions in order to avoid them. Here and there we glimpse a decadent America, the poet clutching at words to maintain his sanity. But the book has no major concern, no center of gravity except to be itself a manifestation of the new. This is as Williams intended it, of course. " si la sol fa mi re do. . . . Substitution of something else. What? Well, nonsense. Since you drive me to it." *The Great American Novel* is an answer to system, a disruption of habitual perception. It speaks for itself and for Williams's beliefs and intentions when it says: "It is at least the beginning of art." Nothing of value, Williams declares, can be created before our termite-ridden structures are destroyed.

A Novelette and Other Prose goes, it seems to me, just as far (a long journey or a short one, depending on how you take your choice after you pay your money), but no further. One thing, in the end, is certain: if we should praise a poet for achieving his intentions, Williams deserves high praise indeed. The critical rub occurs, of course, when we begin questioning these intentions. For some of us the traditional notion of unity remains a virtue, and poetry is still a communication on a rational as well as irrational level.

Some of the finest prose and poetry in *Imaginations* is in the form of journal entries in *The Descent of Winter*, which Williams began while on board ship in the fall of 1927, returning from Europe, where he'd left his family. The poet, entering middle age, again feels the need to get something down, anything. He's depressed, worried about the particular kind of work he wants to do and the possibility of an audience. He wants "to do work so excellent that by its excellence it repels all idiots but idiots are like leaves and excellence of any sort is a tree when the leaves fall the tree is naked and the wind thrashes it until it howls it cannot get a book published it can only get poems into certain magazines that are suppressed. . . ."

Williams exercises his imagination by pointing out the profound relationship that exists between an industrialized society in which "the office-workers in cotton running pants get in a hot car, ride in a hot tunnel and confine themselves in a hot office—to sell asphalt," and the sorry state of the society's

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poetry. For our actions have become automatic, machinelike, habitual, and poetry has become "a soft second light of dreaming." Williams continues to define the ills of our age and in so doing to define and further refine his esthetic. "The sagas," he says, "seem to have been made on the spot." They do not stultify us with the feeling that we are being smothered with technique, as the workers' jobs do. It is imperative that we escape the superficial and descend to true meaning again. Williams yearns for "simple clarity of expression." The problem is that "To be plain is to be subverted since every term must be forged new, every word is tricked out of meaning, hanging with as many cheap traps as an altar." In life and in art the problems are the same and have the same causes. Dr. Williams felt that words needed a physician as badly as did the sick.

One of the most marvelous sections in *The Descent of Winter* describes the world into which one Dolores Marie Pischak is born in Fairfield. The child is brought into a scene as spontaneous and hectic as the best poems, says Williams, "among insults, brawls, yelling, kicks, brutality—here the old dignity of life holds on—defying the law, defying monotony." And this is life, this is love, this is the disorderly order of things and the inspiration for a new poetry. Here, where Dolores Marie was born, people are still alive but need only look out their windows to see the spreading death: "order triumphant, one house like another, grass cut to pay lovelessly." By finding out what he has to say through writing, Williams in this volume sees as clearly as he ever does his own need to pursue those values he knows and feels are right.

What is it that we demand from our poets? This, I suppose, is the primary question these five early Williams volumes pose for us. The poet is insistent, telling us that the world does not have room for both "conventional" and "new" poets. The former can lead us only to death, hell, and winter; the latter point the way to life, heaven, spring. The imagination, he argues, is our means to a dynamic existence. What is necessary is cleavage—from the past, from the mind and its rote drudgery, and images of cleavage abound in the poems and prose of *Imaginations*. Williams here has written primarily to destroy, feeling that life and art have become not only superficial and meaningless, but cancerous, deadly. The reader of *Imaginations* is likely himself to come away with mixed feelings. Much here is unquestionably brilliant, but often the patients, the volumes themselves as manifestations of all that they argue, seem to die of such radical cures.

Book Forum

Letters from Readers

No Atrocity at Deir Yassin

JOHN S. CARROLL'S OTHERWISE knowledgeable review of *Genesis 1948* [*SR*, June 27] states approvingly, "In telling the story of Deir Yassin . . . Mr. Kurzman makes no effort to deny or justify the hideous slaughter of civilians."

It never happened. This writer's almost completed doctoral thesis (on the role of volunteers in Israel's War of Independence) includes a factual investigation of the April 9, 1948, battle for the village of Deir Yassin. The battle was unexpectedly long and fierce. It started with the first light of day, and was not over until early afternoon. Among the casualties there were indeed numerous civilians—individuals who, instead of prudently fleeing the scene of battle, remained and were caught in the crossfire. This—and only this—is the tragedy of Deir Yassin: It is identical with that of every village in every time and place which becomes a battleground.

There is no doubt whatever that all of the civilians who died at Deir Yassin were killed in the heat of battle. When the fighting was over, those Arabs who still remained on the scene were carefully escorted by the Israelis to the security of Arab territory to the east.

All this is attested by published eyewitness testimony, Israeli and Arab. (The original atrocity story was initiated by Jewish "establishment" propagandists conditioned to believe atrocity rumors concerning the Irgun/Stern underground groups, and this story in turn was gleefully magnified by Arab propagandists.)

The fault does not lie with Mr. Kurzman, who presents a detailed, fair, and factual description of the events. It lies with your reviewer, who gratuitously introduced the horribly inappropriate My Lai comparison. Mr. Carroll apparently did so out of his own conviction that post-battle killing of civilians took place.

A. JOSEPH HECKELMAN,
Waterbury, Conn.

Recuerdos a Señor Schoenbrun

I WAS APPALLED by the many omissions in David Schoenbrun's review of Henry L. Roberts's *Eastern Europe* [*SR*, July 11]. Although he claims that Mr. Roberts is *primus inter pares* and that Mr. Roberts concludes that "we cannot hold to the *Primat der Aussenpolitik*," he fails to mention the smaller matters that involved Lenin at that time.

Following the *coup d'état* by the Bolsheviki and in the course of transferring power from the *rabotniki* to the Soviets it became necessary to suppress nihilistic tendencies; wipe out the small *daibutsu* class and exile the *demi-monde*, which was also parasitic. It was no *p'ing an lu* for Lenin, who foresaw *shalom* many years away, and that carrying a shillelagh was not the answer. Neither was an ombudsman although the Jews had one at the czarist court for years. It was necessary for Lenin to pull his entire cortège up by their bootstraps as there were no lifts in Russia then. For a while it seemed that *la sera trista* was about to fall on the junta but Lenin's forte was just that —being able to clean out the *wadis* of resistance so that the atmosphere was clear enough for the *cognoscenti* to proclaim, *"Rabotniki vsyech stran sedyinaitsa seh!"*

SPIOTTO-SAN, MICHAEL A.,
Cliffside Park, N.J.

P.S. Please forgive my inability to express myself in English as it is my native tongue.

Fallacies

JOHN W. ALDRIDGE'S REVIEW of *The Elements of John Updike*, by Alice and Kenneth Hamilton [*SR*, June 27], deserves to be ignored, since it is based on an incredible presupposition: " . . . a writer is committed by the requirements of his medium to a secular view of existence. . . . He may conceive of salvation in terms of the renewal of psyche or spirit, not in relation to God or eternity but to human history and the contemporary thrust of

history." The mind boggles. Names flood in. Flannery O'Connor? J. F. Powers? C. S. Lewis? Charles Williams? Dostoevsky?

The Hamiltons' book may or may not be good, but if one starts with Aldridge's assumptions, one will never be able to find out. He will have prejudged the case.

EDWARD E. ERICSON,
Santa Barbara, Calif.

DR. ALDRIDGE BEMOANS, justifiably, I would say, the "pernicious" fallacy that "the significance of a work of art depends upon the number, variety, and subtlety of the hidden meanings contained within it."

I disagree, however, with his statement that the situation in *The Centaur* lacks the "complexity" and the "tragic dimension" to justify the author's making it a "contemporary version" of the Chiron-Prometheus myth.

George Caldwell, though absurd, is profoundly real and tragic in his anguished attempts to cope with a physical, economic, and social environment designed and ruled by boors and bullies who stand strong by reason of their lack of human sensitivity and their obliviousness to the human existence of other men.

George Caldwell's conflicts are psychological. They are therefore more complex, if not more tragic, than the conflict of the original myth.

DOROTHY STERPKA,
Delaware, O.

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Perspective

J. H. Plumb

A middle-class girl blows her parents' house sky-high in the middle of Manhattan. Other young people from respectable and affluent family backgrounds are caught planting bombs.

The spectrum of violence ranges from these extravagant extremes to brutality of language and gesture. But to violence of some kind tens of thousands of middle-class American boys and girls are committed. It bodes unthinkable future disasters. Will Americans have to learn to live with campus riots, burning of public buildings, and obscenity used as a social and political weapon? If so, why? Would it not be better to reduce the number of students at some universities, close others, and get back to instruction—back indeed to the good old days of the Fifties, when students in crew cuts conformed, never questioned their professors, and cheerfully joined the corporations?

To most middle-aged Americans the student revolt is as startling, as unlooked-for as an outbreak of yellow fever. Yet, oddly enough, it is the result of a condition with deep historical roots, going back some 400 years or more in Europe, and a number of generations in America—a fact of which, the students themselves, amongst myriad others, are unaware. None of the authors involved in the protest movement whom I have been reading recently seem to be conscious of history, or indeed of any need to look at the past in order to discover the source of their problems.

But, first of all, one more general observation. It seems to me, an Englishman, that America has become too hysterical about protest, too hysterical even about riots and the occasional bomb. Although the country is, by European standards, extremely tolerant of personal violence, including murder, it has experienced little organized violence employed for ideological ends. There was, of course, a little in the struggle for trade union recognition, and I am aware of both the Revolution and the Civil War. But Europe has lived with bomb-throwers, arsonists, and rioters for decades. It has grown used to the ugly extremes of rabid nationalism and class tension. And it is hard for Americans to grasp that they too have a class war as well as racial tension on their hands. Indeed, America, with nowhere to expand, heavily urbanized and racially divided, is rapidly acquiring a European type of society, and with it similar problems.

There is, however, a vital difference. The image, the dream, that America manufactured for itself—of an open, expanding, liberal society, full of opportunity, where the good life was easier to find than anywhere else, where individuality was prized more than anywhere else—no longer matches the facts. The contrast between dream and reality, seen with clarity by the young, is intensely depressing, for the reality is a diminishing of opportunity, a contraction of idealism, a visible network of corruption, oppression, and greed. Of course, mixed with the evil is much good, much idealism, much aspiration, but the uncritical acceptance of old-fashioned American social values is well nigh an impossibility now for any intelligent and sensitive man or woman under twenty-five.

If one is still puzzled, just buy these books that I have been reading. They are typical enough of the growing volume of protest literature. Michael Myerson's *These Are the Good Old Days: Coming of Age as a Radical in America's Late, Late Years* (Grossman, $5.95) is the most disturbing, the best written, and the most committed. Myerson possesses the toughness, rigidity, and political acumen of the true revolutionary intellectual—a common enough phenomenon in Paris or Milan, or even London, but comparatively rare in an American city until these last few years. Like many other revolutionaries, however, Myerson has a marvelous way with facts. He accuses the free world of wholesale destruction of human life, but never mentions Stalin's liquidation of the Russian peasantry. His rhetoric is convincing until one steps aside and looks at it critically. He is a type that will become increasingly common in the United States.

More sympathetic but duller is Paul Cowan's *The Making of an Un-American* (Viking, $6.95), a rather naïve and narcissistic account of the author's experiences in the Peace Corps and his gradual realization of the nature of American imperialism—its fear of social revolution in Latin America, its paranoia and its greed—and of the hypocrisy of the American ideals which he grew up to believe. Indeed, Cowan represents yet another strand of America's radical youth: the sensitive, self-involved, highly articulate, but politically ingenuous intellectual. It is hard to conceive that a European youth could have been so politically unsophisticated as Cowan was after so prolonged an education.

More provocative, and closer to the campus, is the young Englishman Richard Zorza's *The Right to Say "We"* (Praeger, $6.50, paperback, $2.25), a highly emotional, hectically written book about the Harvard riots of 1969. Again there is a sense of naïveté, of touching adolescent yearning, and, interestingly enough, of the value of direct political experience in developing maturity.

Except for Myerson, who is at least aware of the 1930s, there is in all these authors a dangerous dislocation from the past, and thus no attempt to analyze a situation, only to blame it. History, I fear, is irrelevant to the young. They do not know that they are the heirs of a long tradition of student revolt evident in Latin America and Europe for two or three generations. Even more, they consider as unique situations and experiences that have been common to youth throughout history. They never realize that they, as well as their elders, are manacled by time.

The student crisis is the culmination of two factors: For several centuries the young have been excluded from the adult world, including its amusements. (In the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries children partook of every aspect of adult life, its bawdiness as well as its solemnities.) The second factor is the result of the growing complexity of society, which places ever greater demands on education, requiring it to produce not only knowledge of crafts but also conventional patterns of personality. For generation after generation a type of Christian gentleman was trained to occupy places of authority. True, a few rejected the mold for which they were destined. But for most, education and social behavior based on capitalist and patriarchal society were inseparably linked. This was achieved by segregating the young and regulating their lives to an incredible extent. Such training was, of course, largely confined to the affluent middle class, the owners of society.

The growth of science and technology, the collapse of empires, the filling-up and urbanization of America, and two devastating mass wars have broken the old patterns, while leaving children and adolescents subject to the old disciplines. But authority has been undermined; long-accepted social roles have lost their universality of appeal. Once they were gone, the sacrifices demanded of children and youths ap-

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peared ever more meaningless. Why should they go without sex, without the excitement of drugs or alcohol? Why, above all, should they accept a career that offered little joy for the sake of a dubious future?

For a century and a half students have been exploited in the interests of the adult world from which they were excluded. Massed together as never before, drawn increasingly from social groups who never expected to enjoy authority or power, is it surprising that they should rebel? The old world of childhood and youth that served our ancestors so well, yet at so great an emotional cost, is crumbling, and it cannot be saved. The tirades of Agnew

will be as useless as the imprecations of Canute. Tides cannot be stopped—diverted, channeled, maybe, but not stopped. Youth is surging back into the adult world, and they have every right to say "we." Student protest is the foam on a tidal wave that will swamp and change society.

And now, as this is my last PERSPECTIVE, let me thank all of those who have written to me about it, whether in anger or appreciation. Both have been invigorating.

FRASER YOUNG
LITERARY CRYPT NO. 1407

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 1407 will be found in the next issue.

GH VWGMW AH NOW WIP NK JGU, HK NK FW APSW AH NOW DSNAZGNW VDUVKHW KL NOW FDHC.

—HGZDWS YKOIHKI

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 1406

When they come downstairs from their ivory towers, idealists are apt to walk straight into the gutter. —LOGAN PEARSALL SMITH.

THE AFRICAN DREAM

by Brian Gardner

Putnam, 314 pp., $7.95

Reviewed by Charles Miller

■ The British imperial pilgrim's progress on the African continent is a wondrous chronicle of idealism, courage, honor, chicanery, myopia and bungling—not to mention a profound reluctance, lasting nearly a century, to become involved with Africa. The experience was also, of course, high adventure all the way, and has produced more than its share of uncommonly well-written books by and about the English explorers, missionaries, soldiers, traders, administrators, settlers, and eccentrics who spread the blessings and curses of Pax Britannica across four million square miles of African soil. One badly needed item, however, has long been missing from this otherwise impressive library: a really worthwhile single-volume informal history of the whole dazzling effort. It is altogether possible that Brian Gardner's *The African Dream* has filled that gap.

Perhaps the absence of a previously successful effort can be explained by the sheer mass of the events that have been thrown into disarray by a formidable amount of factual uncertainty and outright contradiction—obstacles that appear to have defeated most attempts at achieving clarity and sustaining reader interest. Happily, such a failure cannot be ascribed to *The African Dream*, which might be called a sort of tropical Bayeux Tapestry. One suspects, though, that Gardner may not have had the easiest of tasks in bringing order and sequence to a history whose most conspicuous feature is a chaos of conflicting policies. Indeed, there are long periods of the British African experience when one is hard put to find any policy at all. Apart from anti-slavery commitments on the east and west coasts, plus a preoccupation with South Africa and Zanzibar as sentry posts on the sea route to India, England had virtually no political or commercial interest in Africa for most of the nineteenth century. Government, in fact, viewed the continent as a vast liability, balking mightily—if not always successfully—at territorial acquisitions north of the Cape Colony, although "up to 1880," as Gardner remarks, "Britain could have had nearly all Africa, without much fuss, if she could have spared her efforts from India and elsewhere." As it happened, three-fourths of the imperial estate on the continent were acquired, in a haste bordering on panic, between 1882 and 1900, during the so-called Scramble for Africa, the tangled motives of which continue to perplex historians to this day. Gardner, however, has displayed admirable skill in unraveling some of the complexities and reweaving the high spots into a coherent and swiftly moving narrative that fairly leaps with action.

Given the numerous challenges to Britain's African presence, the action is inevitable, and readers constantly find themselves beset on all sides by spears, arrows, knobkerries, sabers, muskets, and Maxim guns. But given also the peculiar national temperament of the conquerors, one often detects a certain seriocomic boyish purity rising from the carnage. Even—or especially—in adversity, the English public school spirit could usually be relied on to prevail. *"Floreat Etona!"* were the dying words of a British officer who fell under Boer fire in a skirmish shortly before the battle of Majuba Hill in 1881. During the 1899 Ashanti war (in present-day Ghana), the commander of a vastly outnumbered British detachment "decided the only hope was a casual display of nonchalance. He ordered afternoon tea," while the Ashanti "waited until preparations . . . were complete before blasting table and surrounding officers with a burst of hectic fire." A sudden thunderstorm saved the force from annihilation. Later in the same campaign, when a large Ashanti army laid siege to the capital city of Kumasi, British officers replied to the enemy's sinister "talking drums" by playing a record of "Rule, Britannia" on a hand-wound gramophone. As the attrition wore on, the starving defenders "fought for scraps of rotting food and roots" while the governor and his lady "gave whist parties for the officers"—although at times the stiff upper lip could be seen to tremble, such as when "Lady Hodgson's attempts at gay unconcern ended in outbursts of tears." Anglophile readers will be relieved (pun intended) to learn that the siege was finally lifted in the very best traditions of Henty and Rider Haggard.

Less triumphant struggles reflected no less credit on the intruders' valor. Gardner turns a specially bright spotlight on the most dramatic siege of all: Gordon's last stand at Khartoum—an episode that never loses its electric suspense even though one is quite aware that Gordon was doomed from the very start. "Probably the best man in the world for the task of relieving Khartoum," says Gardner, "was Gordon himself," and we find ample room to agree as we read the realistic words of advice Gordon managed to smuggle through the Mahdist lines to the commander of the top-heavy British rescuing force: "I cannot too much impress on you that this expedition will not

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encounter any enemy worth the name in an European sense . . . the struggle is with the climate and destitution of the country. . . . A heavy lumbering column, however strong, is nowhere in this land. Parties of forty or sixty men . . . will do more than any column. . . . If you move in mass you will find no end of difficulties. . . ." But the army moved in mass, and Gordon joined the long list of England's great martyr-heroes.

Against the background of grim vindictiveness that characterizes present-day American, Soviet, and Red Chinese imperialism, readers are apt to feel at least a touch of admiration for the youthful and almost innocent exuberance with which earlier Britons introduced their civilizing mission to a continent whose peoples had not invited them. "There is something immensely impressive," says Gardner of the mid-nineteenth-century explorers, "about those bearded Victorians trudging through thousands of miles of African jungle, plains, and down raging rivers, under their Union Jacks . . . always trusting in their own fortitude, in God, and in human hospitality in a strange world."

By the 1890s the descendants of these trailblazers had become land-grabbers, and in the process had acquired an even more robust image. "The 'Africa man,' as Victorian hero, was different from that other stalwart of the Empire, the 'India man'; the public pictured him, not without reason, as a much tougher bird, in his striped shirt without collar, his cord trousers and floppy hat . . . not such a good rider as the India hero . . . but perfectly adept at riding bareback." This rough and ready character was ideally suited to the high noon of jingoism, but when the smoke of the Scramble had cleared, the "Africa man" assumed the more urbane guise of colonial administrator. "Most . . . were university graduates. With their long short trousers, open-necked shirts, and pipes stuck into the tops of their high white socks, they virtually ruled areas larger than England. . . . There was a feeling of contributing, in one's own small way, to the betterment of a whole continent. . . . The frustrations at all levels were colossal, but at the end of the day the work had been useful. . . . Their way was a peaceful one, based on instruction and persuasion rather than on force. To that extent the Empire in Africa had become a voluntary one."

Since the book concerns itself chiefly with Britons, the man whose home was commandeered plays a relatively minor role. Yet Gardner is outspoken in his indictment of the Englishman's moronic racial attitudes as the most shameful blight on the imperial record, and suggests that "this simple fact of pigmentation" was Britain's Achilles's heel in Africa. For the most part, as he makes abundantly clear, the self-appointed rulers were unreceptive both to African defiance and to moderate appeals for a larger measure of equity. When Frederick Lugard, the proconsul of Nigeria, received from the aristocratic Sardauna of Sokoto the message, "I do not consent that any one from you should ever dwell with us. . . . I will have nothing whatever to do with you," the result was a punitive expedition. (Paradoxically, however, Lugard was noted for his huge fund of respect and personal admiration for African leaders.) One wonders how the course of events in Kenya might have been affected had there been a sympathetic response to Jomo Kenyatta's 1933 letter to *The Times*, urging a stronger African voice in the colony's affairs, "so that we may all march together as loyal subjects of His Britannic Majesty along the road to Empire prosperity."

But there was also another side of the coin. By the 1930s it could be claimed, quite rightfully, that the loyal African subjects of the Crown had attained to a state of well-being they had never previously known. Britain had created an "honorable administration ruled through existing [that is, African] institutions. . . . It was not, as compared with other periods of history, at all a bad time to be an African in one of those territories."

If any fault can be found worth mentioning in *The African Dream*, it is perhaps a somewhat too sketchy coverage of the work done by British chartered companies as surrogate governments and spearheads of the Empire in Africa. But Gardner at least partially compensates for this by introducing the reader to an obscure individual who happened to be one of the imperial era's most splendid titans—and not even English. During the forgotten East African campaign of World War I, General Paul von Lettow-Vorbeck, leading a ragtag-bobtail corporal's guard of German officers and African soldiers, tied down an army of nearly 150,000 Allied troops who were desperately needed on the Western Front. Von Lettow was one of the last great gentleman-soldiers. "We had more esteem and affection for him," Gardner quotes one British officer as writing, "than our own leaders." It was not until two weeks after the Armistice that von Lettow finally surrendered—deep in British territory.

Charles Miller is currently working on a book about the British Empire and East Africa.

THE RISE AND FALL OF A PROPER NEGRO

by Leslie Alexander Lacy

Macmillan, 244 pp., $5.95

RETURN TO BLACK AMERICA

by William Gardner Smith

Prentice-Hall, 185 pp., $4.95

Reviewed by August Meier

■ These two volumes by black expatriates provide insight into the thinking of an influential segment of Negro intellectuals, and a commentary on the contemporary crisis in American race relations.

The two men came from contrasting backgrounds and experiences. William Gardner Smith was born into a poor family in a Northern large-city ghetto (Philadelphia), while Leslie Alexander Lacy was the son of a prosperous, small-town Southern (Louisiana) physician. Lacy had a protected, upper-class childhood, and was educated at genteel private schools for black youth (one of the finest chapters in his book is Lacy's description of Charlotte Hawkins Brown's noted Palmer Memorial Institute in North Carolina). Smith participated in the gang life of an urban slum. Yet both became advocates of socialism, expatriates from their

native land, and ardent admirers of Kwame Nkrumah; and both reached the conclusion that only revolution can free the black man in America.

Given their diverse origins, it is not surprising that the two men arrived at similar conclusions by quite different paths. Smith, known today as a successful novelist and journalist, was a militant integrationist and an active member of the NAACP in the 1940s. Dissatisfied with the pace of change, he left for Paris in 1951. Later he spent two years working for the Ghanaian government, until he was expelled in the aftermath of Nkrumah's downfall.

Lacy traveled a more complex road. He went to Harvard and then to California for his advanced education. Exposed for the first time to the wide world, he joined a circle of white revolutionary Marxists and was subsequently attracted to Daniel Warden's

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nationalist Afro-American Association. Unfortunately, Lacy does not really account adequately for the evolution in his thinking. His book in fact makes him appear rather passive, his ideological travels often the result of whom he happened to meet and get to know. But in a most illuminating section he clearly describes the simultaneous attraction that both the white radicals and the Black Nationalists held for him in the period prior to his departure for Ghana in 1961. In only one other autobiography, W.E.B. Du Bois's *Dusk of Dawn*, are the ideological instability and complexity—and perplexity—of black intellectuals so lucidly portrayed.

Both Lacy and Smith sought in Ghana and Nkrumah an answer to their quest for self-fulfillment, an escape from the alienation flowing from their status as black men in racist America. And both men were doomed to disappointment—Smith because of the downfall of Nkrumah in 1966, Lacy for more complicated reasons.

The best part of Lacy's book is the section dealing with his four years in Ghana. It contains, first of all, a valuable description of the expatriate colony of Afro-Americans residing there—of the various types who came to Ghana (the politicals who worked for the Nkrumah régime, the nonpoliticals, and the opportunists), and of the important role this tiny minority of a few hundred played in Ghanaian affairs.

Even more valuable is Lacy's account of his own ambivalence toward the Nkrumah government. Attracted by Nkrumah's pan-African vision, yet repelled by the authoritarian and corrupt character of the régime, Lacy suggests the inner conflict that characterized many of the idealistic young U.S. Negroes who went to Ghana. Lacy feared that he might be suspected of disloyalty and expelled, as indeed happened to a close friend of his. And where Smith patly puts the main blame for Nkrumah's downfall on the failure of the capitalist powers to give him assistance, Lacy clearly indicates that the fault lay largely with *Osagyefo* himself.

Both Lacy and Smith returned to the United States some months after Nkrumah was overthrown. Smith, who had been away for sixteen years, came back to write a series of articles on the changing racial scene for a French journal. He found, of course, that the black middle class had made some advances, that the slum-dwellers still lived in misery, and that the Black Power rhetoric (revolutionary version) had achieved salience among the ghetto youth. Smith feels that no solution for the problems of the black masses is possible in American society as presently structured; only a revolutionary transformation can provide this, he argues. The white working class is hopelessly reactionary, but a convergence of black revolutionary nationalist and radical left-wing student movements could, he believes, create such a transformation.

Both authors are pessimistic about further progress without revolutionary measures. Actually, since there is no evidence that a revolution is about to occur, while there are abundant signs of a rising racist reaction, it appears to me that the authors have in effect transferred their romantic attachment to Nkrumah to a romantic faith in revolution in the United States.

The two books thus have much in common, and reach similar conclusions. Yet of the two, the one by Lacy is clearly the more significant. *Return to Black America* is a journalistic tract for the times. But *The Rise and Fall of a Proper Negro* presents the fascinating intellectual biography of a sensitive black. It is a volume that will prove rewarding not only to today's reader, but to the future historian of our age as well.

August Meier is university professor of history and senior research fellow at the Center for Urban Regionalism at Kent State University.

DOWN ALL THE DAYS

by Christy Brown

Stein & Day, 266 pp., $6.95

Reviewed by William Beauchamp

■ "O Matt me darling man! . . . I hope you're with God in heaven tonight, but I know in me heart it's down in the quare place you are with a red-hot poker up your arse and you screaming for mercy and finding none."

The speaker, Red Magso—widow, toper, sexagenarian, wielder of the biggest damn tits in the whole of Dublin—,

Christy Brown—"mirthful, poetic."

incorporates all that is salty and good in this first novel by Christy Brown, a brawling, mirthful, poetic, but often boring book even though cascades of images and metaphors body forth the "blooming, buzzing confusion of life" in a working-class Dublin family in the late Thirties.

Much of the phantasmagoria—mostly juxtaposed blocks of episodes and description, with little plot—filters through a modified "central intelligence": the crippled, effaced adolescent son. His awakening to a lust for life, through the first simmerings of sex, provides the book's *leitmotiv*, as well as an occasion for wordy, self-indulgent, lyrical sin.

Christy Brown is superb at dramatization and Irish dialogue, but tiresome in description (landscape, cityscape, soulscape), stream of consciousness, hallucinations, dreams. At worst he lapses into second-rate Celtic superglut: "Slowly the cars ground to a halt and disgorged their passengers, swarming in their black-garbed grief and importance over the glistening pavements and standing in gabbling clusters waiting for the incense-swinging priest to come out from his snug little white-walled house next to the ivy-covered chapel to lead the wind-raw way to the grave, gaping like a jagged wound under the wailing sky."

Or, if you like your alliteration fast and furious: Mother "raged at the fair-headed sapling of her terrorist son repeatedly running in from the famished front garden mucky-heeled and mad-eyed to desecrate with splay-footed clay-caked soles the shiny soap-smooth surface of the faded flower-corrugated linoleum. . . ."

The author conjures up scenes of marvelous tenderness, pathos, farce: a mindless wrangle over a nationalist hero that ends in the flinging of cabbage and potatoes; a boyish debate over the shaving habits of a certain broad-hipped girl of fourteen; the incredible wake of Red Magso's daughter, a boisterous mash of litanies, booze, and fornication.

Bawdy humor and colorful language abound, and at moments Mr. Brown achieves poetry: "Another bird parachuted softly down, folded its wings, and cuddled in a brown dream in the folds of the infant's cherubic neck." (Even here, though, doesn't one itch to blue-pencil "cherubic"?)

Nevertheless, Christy Brown has produced a sensuous, exuberant, noteworthy book. Too bad he didn't slash the fancy stuff by half. If he should do so in his second novel, it could be a real literary event.

William Beauchamp teaches French literature at Columbia University.

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Janet Frame—"grief and gore."

INTENSIVE CARE

by Janet Frame

Braziller, 342 pp., $6.95

Reviewed by Elizabeth Easton

■ A pear tree, blooming in delicate loveliness in a New Zealand garden, is the symbol that holds this ambitious but confusing novel together. Janet Frame mixes dreams and reality, poetic prose with occasional overstrained effects. (The fourth or fifth time that Milly Galbraith, a mentally retarded girl who is brighter than she seems, refers to herself in her journal as "dollnormill" it becomes gratingly cute.) The novel moves from Tom Livingstone, a veteran of World War I, to Tom's brother, then to his grandson, and finally to Milly, who in a world yet to come enjoys sitting under the old Livingstone pear tree. Somewhere along the way the meaning and force of whatever Miss Frame is trying to say gets lost.

Some things emerge clearly enough: all the Livingstones have trouble and frustration in love. Tom has spent his life dreaming of Ciss Everest, the English nurse with violet eyes he fell in love with during the war, although he dutifully returned to Waipori City and his wife of two days and one night. When his children are grown and his wife dead, he goes back to London searching for Ciss, only to find her in a nursing home dying of cancer.

He goes back to Waipori City and aging Peggy Warren, "Fur Coat Peg, Miss World War Number Two," but before they can give each other much comfort Tom dies. Peggy helps Tom's brother Leonard find peace of mind in a nursing home, but he too dies unhappily. Tom's grandson Colin, deserting his wife and children, runs off with a fat teen-ager named Lorna, and when Lorna jilts him he shoots her and her

(*Continued on page* 37)

Criminal Record

Fact

Against the Evidence. *By Andy Logan. McCall.* $8.95. On a hot summer's night in 1912, gambler Herman Rosenthal was shot down in front of the Cafe Metropole at Seventh Avenue and 43rd Street. The murder sent police lieutenant Charles Becker, who, Rosenthal had told the press, was his secret business partner, to the electric chair at Sing Sing (the author claims he was railroaded), and the prosecutor, District Attorney Charles Whitman, to the governor's chair at Albany. Mrs. Logan's re-creation of all the events surrounding the case is indeed the "exhaustive study" her publisher claims. It is also exhausting. Some judicious cutting might have put more excitement into the reading. But certainly this has to be the definitive work on the crime. It also may be more than you really want to know about the Becker-Rosenthal case.

An Eye for an Eye. *By H. Jack Griswold, Mike Misenheimer, Art Powers, and Ed Tromanhauser. Holt, Rinehart & Winston.* $6.95. From the preface: "The four of us hope . . . that after having read this book, most of you will agree that the huge, outdated institutions in this nation that we call prisons and reformatories are in reality catacombs of misery and perversion, caldrons of bitterness and hatred that must be torn down and replaced with scientifically oriented centers of social readjustment." The point has been made before by sociologists and reformers, but not with the power and authenticity of this series of essays, profiles, and sketches written by four inmates of the Indiana State Prison, who collectively "have served more than fifty years in a dozen different prisons on charges ranging from burglary to forgery, from armed robbery to kidnaping."

Fiction

The Bind. *By Stanley Ellin. Random House.* $5.95. The very proper Walter Thoren of a very proper, restricted Florida community has died in a car crash shortly after taking out a large life insurance policy. Could there be anything fishy? Free-lance investigator Jake Dekker has to work fast before the insurance company must pay off. How he works, and the girl he works with, make for a whopping good yarn. What happens to Jake and Elinor—that girl—at the end is probably right and honest, but disappointing to us old romantics.

Enquiry. *By Dick Francis. Harper & Row.* $4.95. Mr. Francis, a former British jockey, as you should know, has turned into one of the best mystery writers around. With an Edgar tucked away for his last book, *Forfeit*, he is off and running again, and the track is fast. Jockey Kelly Hughes and trainer Dexter Cranfield have been barred from racing for throwing a race for personal profit. Hughes knows it is a frame-up and refuses to take it lying down, though his investigation nearly has him lying down permanently in a pine box. A winner all the way.

Twice Retired. *By Richard Lockridge. Lippincott.* $4.95. Students stage a protest at a Manhattan university (Columbia under an alias?), and the chairman of the board is found dead with his face concealed by a pig mask. Although the events give an illusion of Now, underneath it's still pretty much the same old stuff.

Hunter in the Shadows. *By Jennie Melville. McKay/Washburn.* $4.95. A man comes to Stella's apartment and claims to be the husband she thought had been dead for ten years. In all fairness to the author, no more can be told of this inventive tale except that nothing is as it seems. The result is a novel of intrigue that one reader will find infuriating, another fascinating. Miss Melville's publishers have done her a cruel disservice with dust-jacket art that undermines the story's big secret.

The Snail-Watcher and Other Stories. *By Patricia Highsmith. Doubleday.* $4.95. Eleven stories, collected from magazines, by the author probably best known for her *Strangers on a Train.* Graham Greene, who contributed the introduction, describes the Highsmith milieu as "a world claustrophobic and irrational." The phrase is apt.

Archer at Large. *By Ross Macdonald. Knopf.* $7.95. This is the second collection of Lew Archer detective novels. The three contained in this package are *The Galton Case* (1959), *The Chill* (1964), and *Black Money* (1965).

Around Dark Corners. *By Hugh Pentecost. Dodd, Mead.* $3.75. The author created these nine mystery stories with both his adult readers and his ten-year-old son in mind. The setting is Lakeview, Connecticut, and the twosome in charge of the charm and derring-do are Uncle George, former lawyer, and his twelve-year-old nephew, Joey Trimble.

Haskel Frankel

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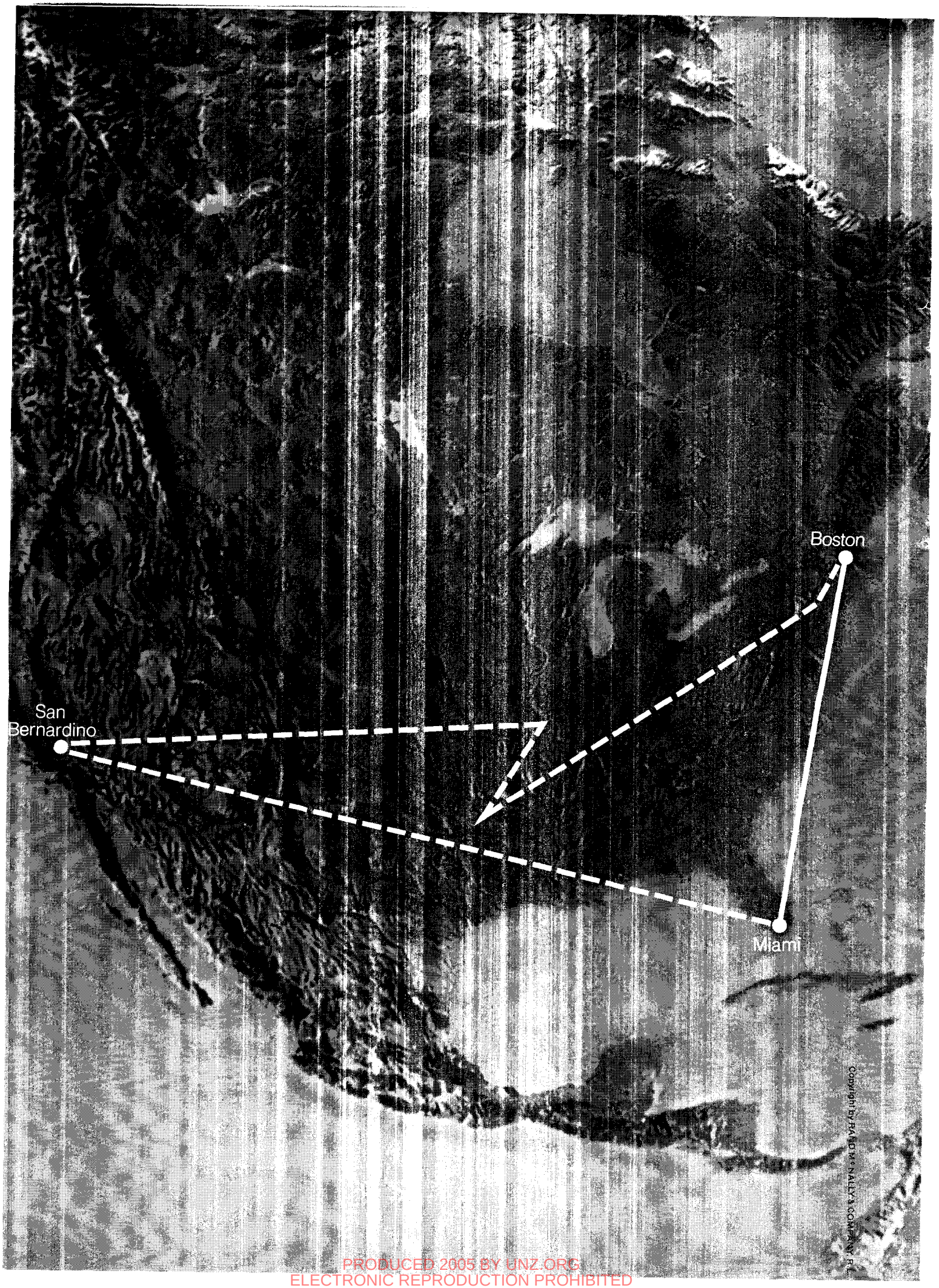

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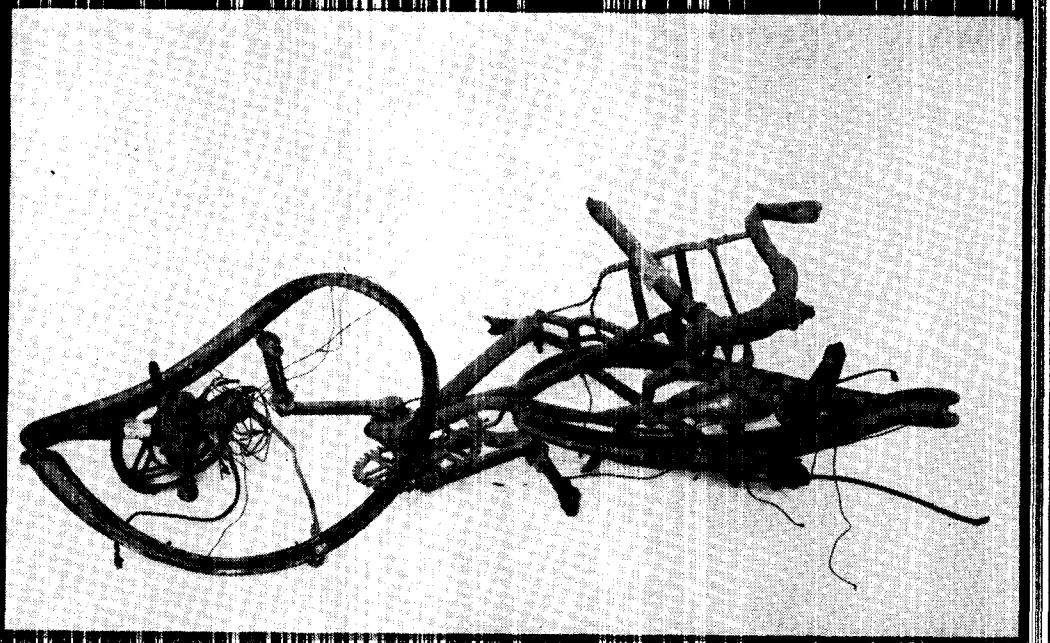

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In cooperation with the publishers of *Asahi Shimbun*, the New York Cultural Center and the American Friends Service Committee are co-sponsoring the American debut of "Hiroshima and Nagasaki," a photography exhibit that is both a historic commemorative and an eloquent reminder of the camera's ability to document, inform, and persuade.

Marking the twenty-fifth anniversary of the atomic devastation unleashed in August 1945, the show highlights seventy enlargements of pictures taken by *Asahi Shimbun* news photographers immediately after the A-bombs exploded their terror on target. Although in some instances overzealous enlarging has decreased the sharpness of the images, the message of horror they communicate is all too clear. It is impossible to misread the pain and suffering, the radiation burns, the deformed limbs, the charred corpses; it is unlikely that such subjects as these can be seen without leaving some psychological keloid scar on the viewer's conscience.

Even divorced from the explanatory panels of scarifying statistics that accompany the prints, the eyewitness camera record makes a persuasive statement of the exhibit's purpose: "by illustrating the horrifying and disastrous effects of the nuclear explosions on Hiroshima and Nagasaki, to focus attention on the nuclear problem as one facing the whole of humanity, in which partisan political feelings are irrelevant before the larger issues involved."

"Hiroshima and Nagasaki" will be on view at the New York Cultural Center until August 10; thereafter, it will be circulated to Los Angeles, Chicago, Washington, and other major cities.

—MARGARET R. WEISS.

AFTERMATH

SHADOWS

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Booked for Travel

David Butwin

Long Day's Journey into Winter

ON AN OVEN-HOT Fourth of July weekend in Southern California, I cooled myself in a back yard pool and mused on how fast the seasons can change if a man has the fare to New Zealand. By 9 o'clock Sunday night, as a vaporous dusk descended on an area easy to mock but hard to leave, I headed into the South Pacific and winter. In fifteen hours, with a fueling stop in Honolulu, the Air New Zealand jet crosses five time zones, the international date line, the equator, and two seasons before landing in Auckland. You skip a full day, so that I left on Sunday night and arrived Tuesday morning without ever seeing Monday, the sixth of July. Of course, you win the day back on the return flight—and hope that the worst of summer is past.

The once trackless Pacific is slowly succumbing to the ambitions of airline and steamship companies that are lining up to claim new routes barely imagined by Captain James Cook two centuries ago. I sat for a while on the flight deck (one risks airline heresy to call it a cockpit) while the friendly New Zealander at the controls alternately talked shop and radioed Air Traffic Control in Honolulu requesting that the Western Airlines plane behind cut down its speed to maintain a twenty-minute gap. It is a sign of changing times in the Pacific, he told me, that a pilot has to ask for more space—although, by comparison, the Atlantic is the San Diego Freeway.

Air New Zealand is not, as my friends in Los Angeles had suggested, a phantom of the ozone. As a bold emblem announces on the wall of its DC-8 cabin, the company has been flying for exactly thirty years. Its sphere is limited to the Pacific, but because it doesn't have the business or range of farther-flung airlines, it can concentrate on extending better service near home. There are thrice-weekly flights from Los Angeles to Auckland, two calling in Hawaii and one in Tahiti. At midnight the bar in Honolulu's International Airport was besieged by a mob of young Army recruits, their shirts hanging out and caps tilting at odd angles, who wanted to squeeze in a last drink in civilization before resuming the long journey to Vietnam.

Dawn had just come to New Zealand when the plane put down at Auckland at 7:30. The shortest day of the year was only two weeks past, and New Zealanders—or Kiwis as they lovingly call themselves—were bundled in heavy mackintoshes, car coats, and wool caps. To a refugee from New York and Los Angeles summers, the Auckland air came as a bracing relief. Rain was blowing down from scudding gray clouds, but the temperature was comfortably in the 50s, and the sun rising above volcanic peaks on the horizon promised better things. Winter snow generally assaults only the mountains, and temperatures through the chill months of July and August sometimes climb into the mid-60s.

Auckland, a seaport of more than a half-million population in the northwest, registers warmer weather than the southern reaches of New Zealand, because it lies that much closer to the equator. It is the largest city on the more populous North Island, which carries on a running war of words (mostly comical) with the South Island. What they say about each other, of course, is mild compared to what they both say about neighboring Australia, which looms continent-size 1,200 miles west, across the Tasman Sea.

New Zealand, with a population of 1.75 million, readily impresses the outlander as an orderly little country that conducts itself in a slightly cockeyed, turned-around manner. Traffic sticks to the left in a pattern that is gradually vanishing from the earth, and sidewalk pedestrians must do the same. There is even a white lane painted down the center of the walk to ensure that no one goes astray. What this means to window shoppers is that they have to program their route so they don't find themselves strolling on the curbside too distant from the merchandise. Road signs may also jar the newcomer: GREASY WHEN WET. LOOSE METAL (read "gravel"). WANDERING STOCK. This last sign, smack within the city limits, warns the motorist to watch for sheep and possibly cattle that may venture across a road. I read somewhere that tap water south of the equator swirls down the drain in a reverse direction, but several bathroom experiments yielded less than conclusive results.

New Zealanders regard Auckland as a cold, impersonal city, the New York of their own land. "Some of us think of Auckland as a concrete jungle," a renegade from the South Island told me my first day in town. "You never really get to know your neighbor. Oh, sometimes a man will mow his lawn on Sunday and then get together with the bloke next door and share a flagon of beer. But that may be the exception." If Auckland, indeed, is cold and concrete-laden, then I wonder what adjectives the New Zealander reserves for Beautiful Downtown Cleveland.

When the rain had blown away and my head had cleared after a three-hour snooze in the Inter-Continental, I stepped out into a city of glistening white frame houses, sweeping parkland aflame with winter flowers, and a sprawling harbor crowded with small pleasure boats. Auckland is built on fifty or sixty volcanic hills, all of which are held to be extinct even though some occasionally show a heat change of five degrees or so. Running up and down these hills row upon orderly row are single-dwelling wood houses with ornamental trim and tiny well-kept yards separated by hedges or fences. Christchurch residents are said

Harbor view of Auckland, New Zealand—"an orderly little country that conducts itself in a slightly cockeyed, turned-around manner."

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to take their gardening even more seriously. "It is every New Zealander's dream to own a house and a little plot of land," an Aucklander told me as we looked down on a city of red and green roofs from atop Mount Eden. There, in the heart of New Zealand's largest city, sheep grazed on a green hillside as bucolic as the Scottish Highlands. Sheep are seldom far from view in New Zealand, outnumbering people as they do twenty to one.

New Zealand is one of the world's last tight, white little islands. The Maoris, a Polynesian people, got there first in canoes six centuries ago and today make up 8 per cent of the nation's population. Auckland, with some 60,000 Maoris, claims the largest Polynesian settlement in the world. New Zealand must admit all natives of Western Samoa and the Cook Islands, former protectorates, but beyond that, it rarely opens the gates to nonwhite immigrants, particularly those of Asian extraction. "The point is, we've got to look after these people, and if our services won't support them, then we can't let them in," the Aucklander said. "I think New Zealanders are prepared to see immigration up to the point that it begins to rock their private boat. Now look at Australia. In Melbourne, the Greeks live in one district, and the signs on their shops are all in Greek. Here, we'd want those signs in English, and the Greeks would have to serve the New Zealand community, not themselves."

The unemployment rate is only .8 per cent in New Zealand. All over Auckland there are signs asking: INTERESTED IN BECOMING A TEACHER? The bid is not open to foreigners, as it is in Australia, where three-fourths of an American's passage is paid provided he stays and works for two years.

Not all of New Zealand has isolated itself from the world's troubles. Students frequently demonstrate in Auckland, although in orderly Kiwi fashion they generally pick the same day to protest—Friday. Police are not armed. Older-than-twenty New Zealand men shy away from the student movement, preferring to wear their hair in the closely cropped traditional style of "short back and sides." Young and old, though, appear to share a wearied attitude toward the Vietnam War. The country has given thirty-five lives to the war; it has a token force of 550 military in the war zone. "I think it's time," said my Auckland escort, "that we and everybody else got the bloody 'ell out."

With hardly a halt, we drove in the 5 o'clock rush to the spreading North Shore suburbs, connected to downtown Auckland by a huge bridge the locals call the "Nippon Clip-On," be-

(*Continued on page* 54)

Music to My Ears

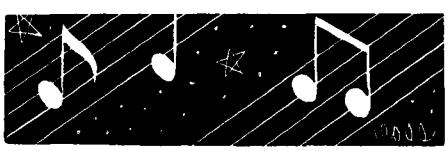
Weber and Wagner at the Lincoln Center Operafest

OF THE VARIOUS WORKS exposed in the early days of the "Opera on Film" festival in Philharmonic Hall, the most magnetizing to this opera-viewer was Weber's *Der Freischütz*. It is, all too unbelievably, a good (bad?) forty years since Weber's masterpiece was staged in this city, but, even in the aftermath of the cinematic version created in Hamburg, memories of the Bohnen-Rethberg-Bodanzky performances of the late Twenties persist in vividness and suitability.

This is not merely because cinematic opera, in the argot of the moment, is a whole new thing, with inbuilt canons of proportions, procedures, and purpose. Rather it is because most of what is new works against, rather than with, what is old. Surely there are better ways of realizing the atmosphere of the "Wald," which was so much in Weber's mind and imagination, than is possible on the average stage. But that way is not to reproduce, cinematically, a cramped, palpably canvas-studio assortment of trees. Obviously a film director can create a vastly more menacing Wolf's Glen than any opera house could contrive, but he should do it without recourse to a prerecorded soundtrack, in accordance with which the singers mouth their lines.

Musically, it was something of a shock to discover the marvelous Overture being utilized as "main title music," against which was displayed the cast of characters. The musical execution, per se, of the cast headed by Ernst Kozub (Max), Gottlob Frick (Kaspar), Arlene Saunders (Agatha), and Edith Mathis (Ännchen) was good to excellent, but the use of close-ups for this TV-conceived production stressed size to the detriment of character. In the aggregate, the complaint about this *Freischütz* would have to be, not that it wasn't well played or well sung, but simply that what had been created under the musical direction of Leopold Ludwig (clearly defined if not unbearably atmospheric) had not been converted into a meaningful "movie-movie" by production director Rolf Liebermann. —IRVING KOLODIN.

If progress is indeed Webster's "movement forward as in time and space," then the Hamburg Opera's most recent contribution to cinematic opera, *Die Meistersinger von Nürnberg*, should mean that it is the finest of the nine films made by that company for the North German Radio to date. And, in truth, the world premiere at Lincoln Center had many fine things in its favor; for as Hamburg has experimented with committing opera to camera, so certain lessons have been learned and progress made. For one thing, although the singers and chorus are veterans of Hamburg stage performances, this film production was especially conceived for the film medium. This meant that special studio sets—simple, stylized Louise Nevelson-type wood constructions—given proper lighting, became the Church of St. Katharine, the street, Sachs's shop, and the open field. Although the enclosed atmosphere of Act I and Scene 2 of Act III were well conveyed, almost no feeling of the lilac-scented, moonlit air of Act II or the sunlit holiday air of the final scene was captured.



Since these productions were originally conceived for television, director Leopold Lindtberg and TV director Joachim Hess concentrated so intensely on close-up shots of principals and even choristers in the crowd scenes that one longed for a spatial scenic panorama, a vista shot. Four-and-a-half hours of close-range viewing cannot furnish the variety any film, sung or spoken, must have despite a fluid camera technique and easy transitions.

What Hamburg had highest in its favor was a cast of the first order, musically and dramatically—so that focusing in on Giorgio Tozzi's masterfully moving and human Sachs, or Arlene Saunders's radiant Eva, or Toni Blankenheim's classic Beckmesser revealed fascinating character studies. If Richard Cassilly had the ringing, ardent sound for Walther, he had less in the visual and theatrical area. There was excellent support from Ernst Wiemann as Pogner, Gerhard Unger as David, and Ursula Boese as Magdalene, plus a rich roster of Mastersingers. Leopold Ludwig's vibrant reading of the score was richer, more musicianly, and more profound in scope than the Metropolitan has offered in some time.

The Hamburg venture was, unfortunately, undermined by the fact that Philharmonic Hall's equipment was unable to reproduce the stereo-recorded soundtrack. So the orchestra tended to fade slightly into the background, giving prominence to the voices, while the general sound remained on one plateau instead of having the needed highs and lows, *pianos*, and *fortes*.

—ROBERT JACOBSON.

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World of Dance

Walter Terry

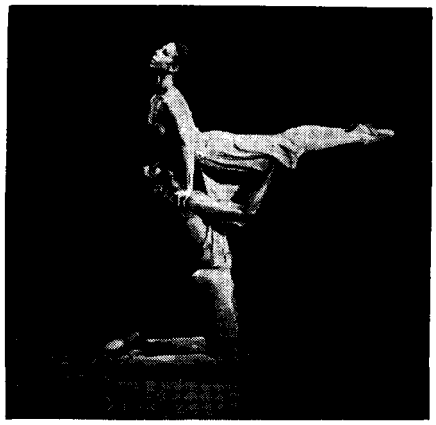
American Ballet Theatre: Part II

PRESS AGENTS were babbling happily. The American Ballet Theatre's four-week, thirtieth-anniversary season at the New York State Theater had been a smash. Box-office records were broken (in its first two weeks it outgrossed any theatrical show playing anywhere in the United States at the same time —such as *Coco*, for example); a bartender told one of the dancers that the State Theater bar had also broken *its* own house records; another dancer reported that George Balanchine, artistic director of the New York City Ballet (the resident dance company of the State Theater), scowled every time he passed an ABT performer; and the box-office statement for four weeks said $467,063.17, which simply means that the American Ballet Theatre, headed by Lucia Chase and Oliver Smith, during the fiscal year will lose less than anticipated.

But aside from racking up such financially heartening statistics, the ABT scored artistically, choreographically, and theatrically. Of course, it tried to do too much. The number of ballets to be learned, rehearsed, coached, and performed bordered on insanity—this was Miss Chase's fault—but, although there were times when it was obvious that the company was overworked and, inescapably, underrehearsed, it was always clear that it and its dancers were unique in the world of dance.

The first installment of this ABT report dealt with both repertory and dancers. But there are a few more points and comments to be made. Two brand-new ballets, both by black choreographers, were the choreographic challenges: One was by the veteran Alvin Ailey; the other by a promising newcomer, Keith Lee. Unfortunately, Lee had to work against the clock with *Times Past*, a Cole Porter ballet score (his only music for ballet) originally produced in 1923 and called *Within the Quota*. It is a satire on a bygone age, the jazz age, and Lee is neither experienced enough nor mature enough to give bite to the satire; but he keeps things moving, and there are sufficient flashes of choreographic inventiveness and motor sensitivity to characterize a young choreographer with far more than average gifts.

The Ailey ballet *The River*, with an original score by Duke Ellington, was



—Martha Swope

Sallie Wilson and Keith Lee in "The River." This new ballet, a work in progress, was choreographed by Alvin Ailey to a score by Duke Ellington especially for the American Ballet Theatre's thirtieth-anniversary season.

not completed by premiere time, so for the season it was given in part as "six dances from a work in progress." A full appraisal, of course, must wait, but the Ailey dance brilliance—wonderful freshets of movement, designs to delight the eye—are already there. There are patterns of mass motion that are utterly beautiful, but there are also such choreographic concentrates as Eleanor D'Antuono's incredibly fast solo "Vortex"; Cynthia Gregory (with either Ivan Nagy or Gayle Young) in a cool and graceful *pas de deux*, surrounded by ensemble movements, called "Lake"; Dennis Nahat's jaunty "Mainstream"; and the curiously haunting "Two Cities," danced by Sallie Wilson and Keith Lee, each in separate pools of light, each lonely, each reaching out across the unseen barrier of river, of distance, of divisiveness, of solitary spirit, however you care to interpret it, and, finally, bridging the abyss.

Of equal importance and reward with respect to the two new ballets, the lavish revivals of *Petrouchka* and *Gaieté Parisienne*, or the triumphant transfer of two modern dance masterworks (José Limón's *The Moor's Pavane* and *The Traitor*) to a ballet repertory was the all-Antony Tudor evening. In prospect, one might have thought that it would be on the weighty, the sad, the "down" side; but, in fact and in retrospect, it stood for a rare, luminous, and illuminating experience in the theater of dance. The ballets were *Pillar of Fire* (Schoenberg), filled with tragedy and dark passions, but touched with hope; the hilarious caricature on the impossible behavior of three ballerinas (Russian, Italian, French) in *Gala Performance*; the misty romance and genteel despair of *Lilac Garden* (Chausson); and the communal, almost tribal, rite of mourning, of giving comfort, of accepting death, of keeping faith, *Dark Elegies* (Mahler). Miss Wilson, an indispensable member of the American Ballet Theatre, danced superbly in three of these four intensely demanding ballets.

But Miss Wilson danced brilliantly throughout the season. So, too, did other artists, among them Cynthia Gregory, who can excel in any dance style you care to name; Ted Kivitt, virtuoso and gallant; Lupe Serrano, who electrifies with her pyrotechnics in, say, the bravura "Grand Pas de Deux" from *Don Quixote*; Carla Fracci, epitome of a romantic ballerina; young John Prinz, new to the company, bright with promise, but with lots to learn, not about steps but about performing; Terry Orr, with the neatest of *batterie;* Toni Lander and Bruce Marks and Royes Fernandez, whom I discussed in Part I, and others too. To them all, to the soloists, to the corps, "Bravo!"

ABT has just opened a two-week season at the Royal Opera House, Covent Garden, London, and will go on to a Continental tour including points in Spain, France, and Italy, and ending with an engagement in Athens.

S. Hurok, *the* impresario of our times, manages not only the American Ballet Theatre but also the Moiseyev Dance Company from Moscow, as well as other top-class dance attractions, imported and domestic. One could classify him, in a business sense, as wily, but he is also wise and, what is more, tasteful. He introduced the Moiseyev dancers to America a dozen years ago, and we've never been the same since. In Igor Moiseyev's translations of the rich and beautiful folk idioms of the Soviet Union into theatrical terms, he also translated movement right to the heart of the onlooker. Such joy! Why, isn't this what dancing is all about? In 1958, the leaping, spinning, bouncing, smiling, laughing dancers toured us through old and new Russia, through Byelorussia, the Ukraine, Moldavia, and other regions and republics. They are doing the same once again on their fourth American tour. A sold-out season at New York's Metropolitan Opera House is over, and the coast-to-coast tour, running into October, is on.

American ballet? Russian folk dance? One can celebrate them both in another tongue—as the late, great Doris Humphrey always wrote, in praise and in hope, in her Christmas-New Year's greetings: *Vive la danse!*

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"Intensive Care"

Continued from page 29

family to death and commits suicide. What Miss Frame means by recounting all this grief and gore is obscure.

In the final section of the novel the author pictures New Zealand at some time in the future. (There are references to "old King Charles" on the throne in England.) To cope with overpopulation, inflation, and other problems, the government of New Zealand has passed the Human Delineation Act, which provides that on Classification Day the population will, with the help of a computer, be divided into Humans and Animals, and the Animals disposed of.

Milly Galbraith, who loves to sit under the pear tree with her cat Samuel, keeps a journal in which it is obvious that her parents expect she will be classified as Animal. Before Classification Day comes, however, the pear tree is chopped down, to Milly's great distress. Milly and her parents as well are killed by government order, and her journal makes those who read it uneasy. Maybe a mistake has been made. A pear orchard is planted in the old Livingstone section, and officials make a hasty trip to Wellington to amend the Human Delineation Act. The man who runs the computer, and who recounts all this, is crushed in confusion.

Critics have termed the work of Miss Frame (*Yellow Flowers in the Antipodean Room* and other novels) "amazing," "intense," and "haunting." *Intensive Care* is all these things, but it is also an interesting failure.

Elizabeth Easton is on the editorial staff of the Book-of-the-Month Club.

WIT TWISTER #175

Edited by ARTHUR SWAN

The object of the game is to complete the poem by thinking of one word whose letters, when rearranged, will yield the appropriate word for each series of blanks. Each dash within a blank corresponds to a letter of the word.

The nation that _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ its king today,
Quite the _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ tomorrow, ends his sway.
The Fates _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ their wrath but to invoke
_ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ justice still upon his folk.

—A.S.

(*Answer on page 54*)

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We all like to talk and moralize about the unnecessary deaths in the world.

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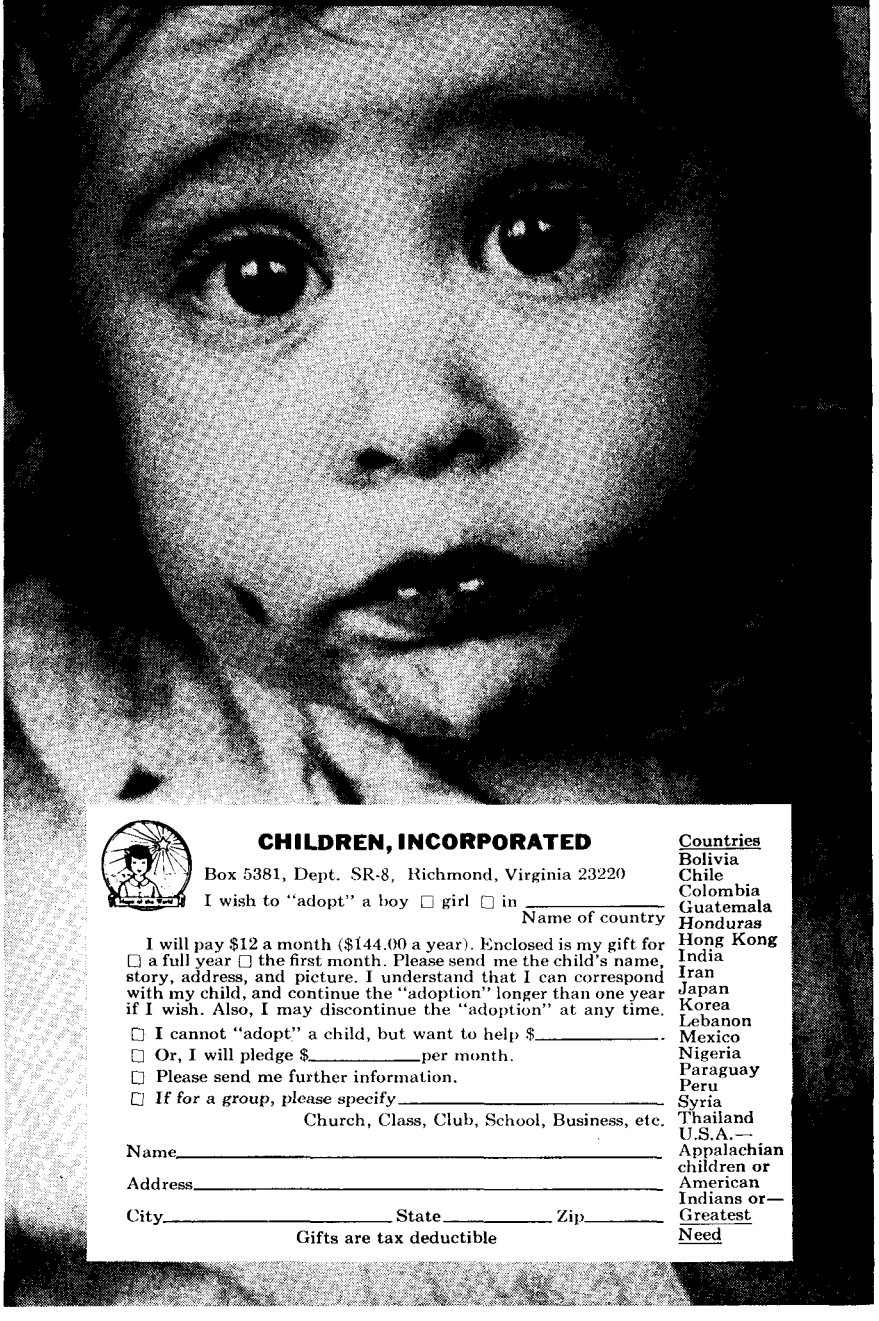

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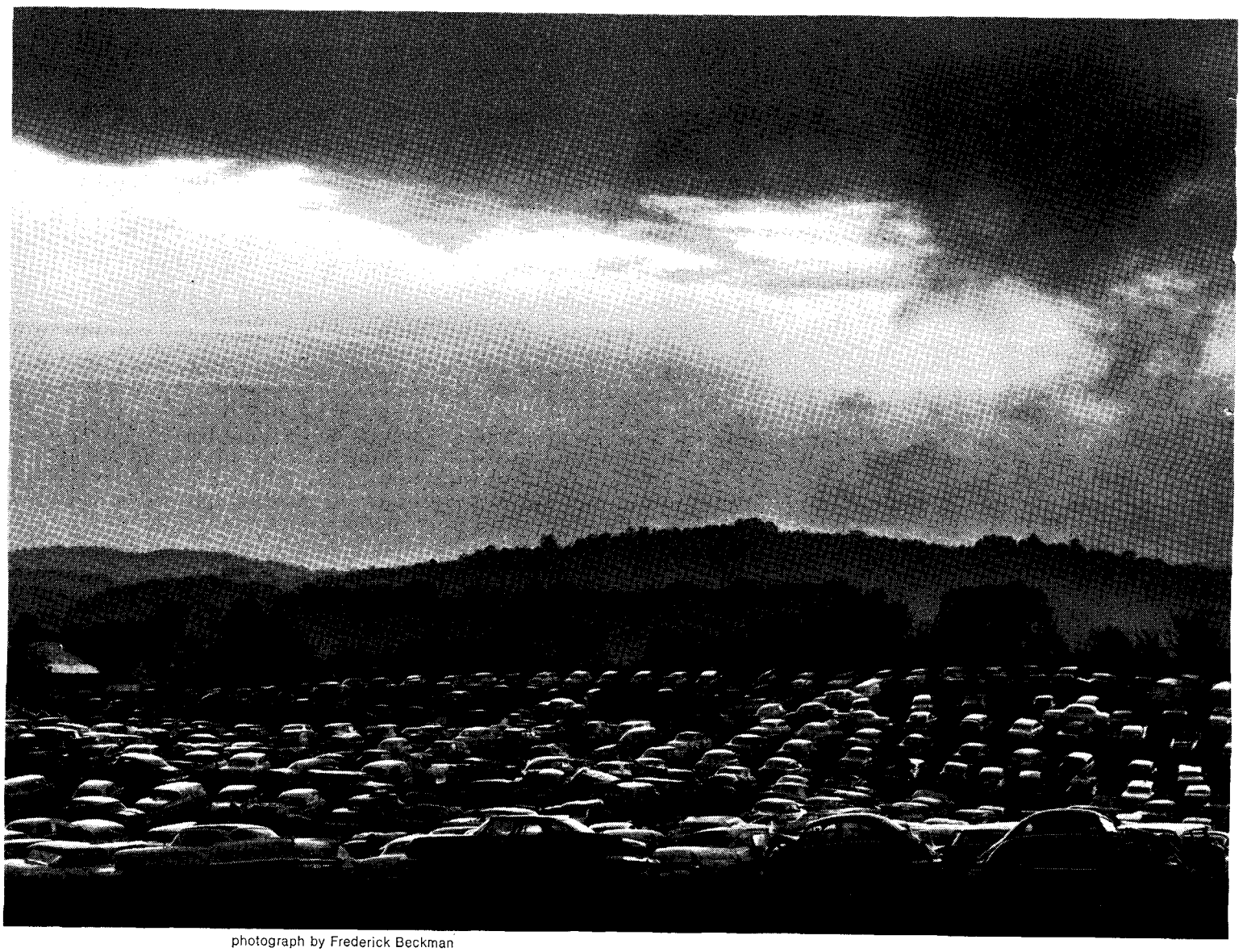
"The writings of the wise
are the only riches
our posterity cannot squander."

Walter Savage Landor



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ENVIRONMENT
and the Quality of Life

A New Judge for the Atom?

For the first time since radioactivity became a threat to human survival a quarter century ago, the U.S. Atomic Energy Commission, charged by law with responsibility for promoting the use of nuclear energy in this country, faces an order to relinquish its authority to fix the standards for safety in the use of nuclear energy.

This historic action is part of a government reorganization plan President Richard M. Nixon has sent to the Congress. Unless a majority of either house votes to reject it, the plan will acquire legal force sixty days following its submission on July 9 and will go into actual execution sixty days after that.

AEC representatives are minimizing the consequences of the Presidential directive. They point out that only a half-dozen people who now do spadework preparatory to setting standards for allowable radioactive emission will be moved out of AEC and into a new and independent Environmental Protection Agency that is being assigned responsibility for regulation of all kinds of environmental pollution. It is further pointed out that the AEC will retain the power to enforce radioactive emission standards in construction of nuclear-power furnaces. However, the standards themselves will be set by the EPA, the head of which will report directly to the President. And the EPA will include a research capability competent to determine whether the standards now on the books provide adequate protection to the public.

Vigilance will have to be exercised to ensure that the AEC, in its enforcement activities, interpret any new standards that may be arrived at by the EPA in the way the EPA wants them interpreted. Granting that differences on that score could create some sticky situations, it remains true that an independent check on the AEC's objectivity has been proposed.

The suggestion has come amidst a bitter controversy over the adequacy of the AEC's present maximum limit on radioactive emissions from nuclear-power furnaces. Doctors John Gofman and Arthur Tamplin, scientists on the staff of the AEC's Lawrence Radiation Laboratory at Livermore, California, have told two Congressional committees in public hearings that the AEC's maximum emission allowance is ten times too high. If the population of the country actually should be exposed to the allowed dosage, they said, "on the order of 24,000 additional cases of leukemia and cancer each year" would result. Gofman and Tamplin specified that they did "not mean to imply that the population of the United States is currently receiving the maximum allowable dosage" or that nuclear-furnace builders plan "to deliver the allowable dose." The two scientists intended to say only that "it would be legally possible to approach the standard" by 1980, when "approximately two hundred nuclear-power stations are expected to generate one-third of the nation's electricity."

Most nuclear scientists disagree with the calculations and conclusions of Gofman and Tamplin, who have not helped their cause by publishing personal attacks on their critics. But as long as nuclear scientists must depend on the AEC for support, and as long as the AEC holds the power both to promote nuclear furnaces and to judge their safety, the question of possible bias obscures the real merits of the argument.

President Nixon did not mention any of this in transmitting his reorganization plan to Congress. The whole matter of radioactivity control was relegated to a few laconic sentences. The Presidential emphasis went to the fact that the new Environmental Protection Agency will assume functions now vested in many different executive agencies: the Federal Water Quality Administration in the Interior Department; the National Air Pollution Control Administration, the Bureau of Solid Waste Management, the Bureau of Water Hygiene, and part of the Bureau of Radiological Health—all in the Health, Education and Welfare Department; pesticide regulation in the Agriculture Department; pesticide research and standard-setting in the Food and Drug Administration; radiation standard-setting in the AEC and Federal Radiation Council; and general ecological research currently assigned to the White House Council on Environmental Quality.

The EPA, the President said, will be an operating agency, expected to execute policies determined by the Council on Environmental Quality. During the current fiscal year that began July 1, EPA will have some 6,000 employees and a budget around $1.3-billion.

Aside from sniping in the Joint Committee on Atomic Energy, Congressional reaction was generally favorable. Criticism focused mainly on the privileged status accorded the supersonic air transport. The SST escaped the EPA's jurisdiction and will continue to be promoted by the Department of Transportation, which also retains the authority to assess the SST's effects on the environment.

—JOHN LEAR,
Science Editor.

39 A New Judge for the Atom?
an editorial

40 The Threat to Life in the Sea
by Gordon Rattray Taylor

43 How Congress Focuses on the Environment by Richard A. Carpenter

44 A Progress Report on Smogless Motoring by John Lear

48 Creative Urbanists
by Wolf Von Eckardt

50 Earth Watch

52 Hidden Effects of Overpopulation
by Paul R. Ehrlich and John P. Holdren

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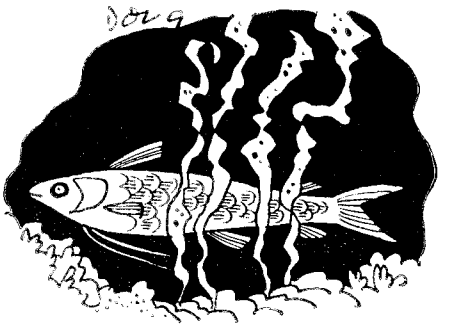
THE THREAT TO LIFE IN THE SEA



Man is turning the oceans into junk yards. Oil spills and the deliberate dumping of wastes may have critical long-term biological effects.

by GORDON RATTRAY TAYLOR

Thor Heyerdahl, of Kon-Tiki fame, has said that he and his companions, in journeying across the Atlantic in their reed boat, could not fill their tooth mugs from the ocean, hundreds of miles from the American coast, because of the filthy condition of the water.

The oceans are filling up with junk and assorted poisons. Man is dumping into the oceans, or into the rivers that flow into the oceans, many thousands of products, the biological effects of which are in most instances unknown. These include oil, chemical effluents, heavy metals, trace elements, dry-cleaning fluids, radioactive wastes, chemical warfare gases and irritants, detergents, pesticides, and innumerable other substances. In fact, practically everything we throw away in liquid form reaches the sea, except a few things that decompose rapidly, while much of what we discharge into the air also descends eventually into the sea. It is reckoned that we now add a half-million different substances to the sea.

Lead, which is pumped into the atmosphere by motor vehicles using fuels spiked with tetraethyl lead to raise the octane number, is now present in the Pacific—an area remote from those in which cars are mostly used—at about ten times the natural level. Even in the Arctic snows, lead is present at seven times the natural level. These levels have been rising ever since tetraethyl lead first was introduced forty-five years ago; by the end of the century they may double.

Pesticides, such as DDT and dieldrin, are accumulating in the sea, as are various curious by-products of industry, whose very names are mysterious to all but the initiated—polychlorinated biphenyls, for example.

Again, the highly poisonous substance mercury is reaching the sea in ever increasing quantities: About half the world's total production reaches the oceans. Already the coastal waters of the Baltic Sea are polluted by it, and it is accumulating in the fish to the point where they are uneatable. Here I wish only to draw attention to the way we are changing the composition of the shallower parts of the sea—areas where most fish live. More than half the world's population depends solely on fish for a supply of essential protein.

A more serious threat may be radioactive wastes. Already, radioactivity can be detected in any fifty-gallon sample of sea water taken anywhere in the world. The U.S. Atomic Energy Commission (AEC) has been mixing low-level wastes with cement in eighteen-gauge steel drums (little more than cans) and dropping them in the Atlantic. Recently Spain complained of such dumping taking place only 200 miles from the Spanish and Portuguese coastline. The British, more economically, run a pipeline a mere two miles out to sea and claim that it is safe to discharge up to 100,000 curies a month by this means. The basis of this claim is obscure. E. D. Goldberg told the American Association for the Advancement of Science meeting in 1968: "Radioactive substances are found in all oceans and all organisms in the marine biosphere."

To make matters worse, it is now seriously proposed that mining and other industrial operations shall be undertaken on the ocean bed where the effluents and "tailings" can be pumped directly into the sea. Among other things, there are rich supplies of manganese. Apart from the fact that underwater workers may be exposed to radiation as a result of our casual attitude to radioactive waste disposal, the heat developed in mixing operations will warm the circumjacent water, which will then rise and ensure the mixing of deep and surface waters. This means that fish, Crustacea, and plankton, which live in shallow waters, will be exposed to the radioactive wastes dumped in deeper waters. The AEC has justified this dumping on the theory that there is little or no mixing of deep and shallow waters. But modern technology is overcoming that benevolent separation.

There is also the matter of sideways movements of the water; though we do know that deep ocean currents, moving very slowly, return the water carried in a contrary direction by surface currents such as the Gulf Stream, the Peru Current, the North Atlantic Drift, the West Wind Drift, the Equatorial Currents, and so on. This no doubt explains the astonishing but little-publicized fact that some of the steel drums containing broken test tubes and other laboratory junk dumped in the Atlantic by the AEC were later trawled up by startled fishermen off the coast of Oregon! By what route they had traveled from the Atlantic to the Pacific remains a nagging mystery.

As if this were not enough, in 1969 a study made by Dr. V. T. Bowen of Woods Hole Oceanographic Institution showed that radionuclides falling from the atmosphere after nuclear explosions penetrate the ocean depths "much faster than had been predicted," at least in the North Atlantic.

It is often forgotten that, in addition to plankton, Crustacea, and fish, the ocean supports seaweeds, some of which are of industrial importance. The agar jelly that scientists use to support bacterial cultures is derived from seaweed; if it were radioactive, it would be useless. Strangely enough, it

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GORDON RATTRAY TAYLOR is the British author of *The Biological Time Bomb*. His text here is a preview of his new book *The Doomsday Book*, soon to be published by World. Reproduced by permission. Copyright © 1970 by Gordon Rattray Taylor.

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turns out that sodium alginate, derived from seaweed, is able to purge strontium-90 from human and animal skeletons, while leaving the calcium in place. It would be ironical if, as a result of peacetime carelessness about radioactive wastes, we destroyed the only thing that could save lives imperiled by fallout from nuclear weapons employed in war. Nor need we suppose that the kelp might be eliminated simply by direct absorption of radioactivity. For the kelp forests off the coast of California have been degenerating for a quarter of a century as a result of a population explosion among sea urchins, which feed on kelp. The reason for the explosion is unknown, though it seems clear that it is not due to sewage outfalls. The workings of radioactive materials in sea creatures are still mysterious. Thus "hot" clams were found in the Pacific two years after atomic tests—but their radioactivity was due to cobalt-60, a substance not produced in such explosions.

G. G. Polykarpov, a Russian scientist, has shown that quite low levels of radioactivity (0.2 microcurie) seriously affect the development of eggs of various species of fish, causing developmental errors. Polykarpov makes no bones about the implications: ". . . further contamination of sea water is inadmissible."

Fred Singer, an assistant secretary at the Department of the Interior, has calculated that the world-wide oil spillage from freighters, tankers, and oil rigs amounts to about a million tons. But to this we have to add another million tons of waste motor oil, ten million tons of gasoline that has evaporated and that is eventually deposited in the seas, plus a million tons of assorted solvents, making some thirteen million tons of this pollutant in all. Oil is, in some ways, the most damaging of all the half-million pollutants we put in the sea, since it floats on the surface and is not diluted until bacteria have managed to break it up. It also changes the evaporation rate and cuts off light and air from the sea below, rendering the area uninhabitable; tars, of course, are even more persistent.

Crude oil is a complex mixture of products. The aromatic hydrocarbons are known to be acute poisons for man as well as for all other organisms. It was one of the tragedies of the *Torrey Canyon* oil-spill disaster that the detergents used by the British to disperse the oil had been dissolved in low-boiling-point aromatics—which multiplied the damage to marine creatures. The group of hydrocarbons with low boiling points until recently have been regarded as harmless to the marine environment. But it has now been demonstrated that these hydrocarbons, even at low concentrations, produce anesthesia and narcosis, and, at greater concentrations, cell damage and death in a wide variety of lower animals. They also may be especially damaging to larval and other young forms of marine life.

Max Blumer, a senior scientist at the Woods Hole Oceanographic Institution, believes that the long-term effects of low concentrations of oil may be even more damaging and long-lasting than the obvious short-term ones. Many predatory fish find their prey by their sense of smell, while others escape predators by the same means; migratory fish certainly home by a fantastically delicate analysis of the smell of a particular body of water. The amounts of substances detected by olfactory means are incredibly small—a few parts per billion of water. The presence of oil and its associated aromatic fractions completely masks such smells—a thing as serious for the fish as being blinded would be to a man. The fish may also be misled by false cues. "This," says Blumer, "may have a disastrous effect on the survival of any marine species and on many other species to which it is tied by the food chain."

Furthermore, we know little about the effect of oil on the creatures that inhabit the sea bottom. In the ordinary way, oil sinks very slowly, but the use of chalk to sink oil spills often is regarded as better than using detergents. We do not know whether the oil stays where it is sunk, but we do know that it will continue to exist for a long time before bacteria finally consume it. As man exhausts landward oil supplies, he will turn increasingly to undersea sources, so that leaks (like that which caused disaster at Santa Barbara and which continues to flow) will become steadily commoner. Comments Blumer: "If we do not take care of the present biological resources in the sea, we may do irreversible damage to many marine organisms, to the marine food chain, and we may eventually destroy the yield and the value of the food which we hope to recover from the sea."

Blumer's complaint was sparked by a cruise of the Woods Hole research vessel *Chain* to the southern Sargasso Sea. The special nets that were towed to retrieve surface creatures always came up containing numerous lumps of oil tar as large as tennis balls. After three or four hours of towing, the nets were so encrusted with oil that they had to be cleaned with a strong solvent, and sometimes tows had to be cut short for this reason. It was estimated that there was three times as much tar as there was Sargasso weed in the nets.

The emulsifiers used to disperse oil spills only make matters worse for

"If this doesn't result in one or two first-class inventions, nothing will."

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shore creatures, since they wet their surfaces enabling oil to penetrate them. Winkles have an inbuilt mechanism for escaping danger, which is to relax their hold and fall into a crevice or pool. Unhappily, when there is oil pollution, this is just what not to do. Detergents disperse the oil over the beaches and into the rock pools, and instead of floating on the surface it becomes dispersed throughout the water, choking the starfish, seaweeds, and shallow-water organisms that would otherwise have escaped. Many types of sea creatures of the kind known as gastropods hatch their young under stones on the shore or in the masses of jelly on the surface of seaweeds. Thus, they suffer badly from an oil spill and may never recover.

When the *Torrey Canyon* ran aground, it was fifteen miles from shore, and the bulk of the oil was lost in the Bay of Biscay. It was detected 250 miles from Land's End; at this point, where the ocean deepens rapidly, it vanished. What would happen if a whole tanker load arrived on a single shore, or, worse, were spilled in an enclosed area like the Milford Haven estuary, beggars the imagination.

Dr. A. Nelson Smith of University College of Swansea, who makes this comment, has studied the Milford Haven estuary, where there have been three major spills since it was opened as an oil port some ten years ago. He found that many Mollusca were totally eliminated in some areas, and decimated in others. When he returned after nine months, some species were showing recovery, but others had gone further downhill. "Most of the seaweeds of the upper shore were simply no longer there," he says. The few large plants which could be seen "were dry, blackened, and obviously dead."

The effect on sea birds is too well known to need describing. And as Lt. Col. C. L. Boyle has said: "The chances of a seriously oiled bird making a complete recovery are still meager." The birds brought to the Slimbridge Bird Sanctuary after the *Torrey Canyon* incident died of enteritis, stress, and pulmonary conditions, and many developed acute arthritis.

With the opening up of a northwest passage to the north shore of Alaska, where a huge new oil field has been found, no doubt some of the ecologically most serious spills of the next thirty years will be in this area. It is substantially closed in by islands—it even has been argued by the Canadians that it should be regarded as inland territorial water. Spills therefore will not be dispersible and necessarily will drift aground on islands and peninsulas, which are among the few large untouched habitats remaining on the planet. Already, during the exploratory voyages in 1969, two vessels have been crushed in the ice and oil has been spilled.

In theory, a system of control of oil pollution exists. The International Convention for the Prevention of the Pollution of the Sea by Oil, set up in 1954 and amended in 1962, attempts this. The body that administers the convention is the Inter-Governmental Maritime Consultative Organization, and in 1969 it held conferences aimed at making control less ineffective: It urged governments to impose stiffer penalties and take other steps to reduce oil pollution. But governments are slow to fetter the freedom of oil companies, as everyone knows.

"Harry has never lost his capacity for wonder."

When the Food and Agricultural Organization discussed ocean pollution early in 1969, Dr. Sidney I. Holt of the FAO staff sadly observed: "Pollutants are increasing almost faster than our ability to get information on them." So alarming was the situation revealed at this conference that the FAO has summoned another, more technical meeting at which experts will pool their information as to the effects of marine pollution on living resources and how to deal with the situation. The meeting is called for December 1970, and a hoped-for result is the establishment of a world monitoring system to spot pollution as it occurs and to give more precision to the scope of the problem.

The late Dr. Lloyd Berkner, who was president of the Graduate Research Center of the Southwest, wrote a paper a few months before his death in 1966 drawing attention to the fact that the world's supply of oxygen comes largely from the diatoms, the small free-floating plants which form the basic food of most fish. Earth's oxygen would be used up in 2,000 years if not replenished by the photosynthetic activities of plants—that is, the process by which they make sugars from carbon dioxide and water in the atmosphere, a reaction powered by sunlight, giving off oxygen which they have split from the carbon dioxide. Seventy per cent of the new oxygen comes from diatoms, the rest from land vegetation. "If our pesticides should be reducing our supply of diatoms or forcing evolution of less productive mutants," he pointed out, "we *might find ourselves running out of oxygen.*" (The italics are Berkner's, not mine.) Since we know that fish are loaded with pesticides, it is absolutely certain that the diatoms are also, for this is how they get into the fish.

As scientists absorbed this shattering notion, it was pointed out that herbicides are effective in destroying phytoplankton, and a little calculation suggested that it would take the shipwreck of only three tankers the size of the *Torrey Canyon* containing herbicide to produce a catastrophe of this magnitude. At present, to be sure, we do not move herbicides around the world on such a large scale, though rather large quantities have in fact been sent to Vietnam to defoliate the jungle.

However, it was not the risk of herbicidal action but of pesticides like DDT which Berkner emphasized. Charles Wurster, Jr., of State University of New York at Stony Brook, has demonstrated that DDT does in fact impede the photosynthesis of plankton. To disrupt this process is to impair the ability of the ocean to manufacture oxygen.

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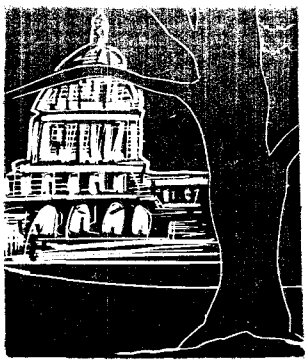
HOW CONGRESS FOCUSES ON THE ENVIRONMENT

A new Environmental Policy Division in the Library of Congress sifts information for legislative committees.



by RICHARD A. CARPENTER

As the nation approaches its 200th birthday, the American people are engaged in a reconsideration of long-accepted and traditional attitudes toward growth and development. Old patterns suddenly have been recognized as inapplicable to today's problems. New laws are needed for the restoration and maintenance of environmental quality, perhaps even for survival itself.

The Legislative Reference Service in the Library of Congress has a unique role in the current development of a legislative base for our new-found goals. LRS is the central data collecting and policy analysis agency of the Congress, designed to assist individual members and the staffs of committees. In September 1969, LRS director Lester Jayson regrouped the existing units of environment-related researchers into a new Environmental Policy Division. We have been running at full speed ever since.

The enormous demand for information from the Congress as the variety of environmental issues becomes apparent places a premium on this category of inquiry. Vietnam, crime, dope, and Presidential war powers often rank below environmental topics in the daily work load.

At the same time, the literature on the subject is booming. Commentary, opinions, and scientific facts and figures roll in from every sort of publication. LRS's job is to sift out high-quality information on all sides of an issue. The busy representative or senator does not merely want more information; he wants proven data and reliable interpretation.

The commitment of the LRS to that goal and the magnitude of the flow of environmental information make the division's staff of fifteen professional researchers and five secretaries one of the busiest in Washington.

Our staff will be busier still following Senate approval of a resolution, earlier adopted by the House, to create a Joint Congressional Committee on the Environment. At the time it reached the Senate, this resolution was referred to three separate committees for consideration: the committees on commerce, on interior and insular affairs, and on public works. Powerful members of the Senate Democratic majority who sit on these committees—notably Edmund S. Muskie of Maine and Henry M. Jackson and Warren Magnuson of Washington—have since reached informal agreement to support the measure, and, therefore, it is expected to pass without major difficulty.

The joint committee will have no legislative authority. However, it will receive the annual reports of the White House Council on Environmental Quality and will conduct hearings on them. The committee also will be empowered to initiate hearings on subjects of its own choosing. The scope of this responsibility can be judged from the phrasing of Title I of the National Environmental Policy Act of 1969, which states:

> The Congress authorizes and directs that, to the fullest extent possible . . . all agencies of the Federal government shall . . . include in every recommendation or report on proposals for legislation and other major Federal actions significantly affecting the quality of the human environment, a detailed statement by the responsible official on—
>
> (i) the environmental impact of the proposed action
>
> (ii) any adverse environmental effects which cannot be avoided should the proposal be implemented
>
> (iii) alternatives to the proposed action
>
> (iv) the relationship between local short-term uses of man's environment and the maintenance and enhancement of long-term productivity, and
>
> (v) any irreversible and irretrievable commitments of resources which would be involved in the proposed action should it be implemented.

The Joint Congressional Committee on the Environment will funnel the required executive agency recommendations and advice to the appropriate operating committees of the Congress. For effective execution of this function, the joint committee will have to be independently staffed. But the Environmental Policy Division of LRS will complement that staff. The division thus will acquire a focal point it does not now possess. The communication component of its mission will be greatly enhanced.

What will this mean to the general public? Let me offer one example.

The most crucial yet most difficult issue of all before the Congress is that of population. The principles of ecology tell us that the globe has a finite capacity for man's presence. The limits are dictated not only by the amounts of natural resources and energy but by the requirements of all the other life forms that do the work of the world—plants and animals that are essential to man. They recycle chemicals for food and fiber, restore water quality, and provide the necessary links in the conversion of solar energy to other useful forms. They need space in which to live and freedom from physical/chemical stresses.

If the human population intrudes massively on the activities of these species, their crucial work cannot be done, and man's numbers will be correspondingly limited. To avoid this ultimate biological population control requires some immediate, conscious decisions for alternative methods. The emotion surrounding this issue makes rational, democratic procedures very difficult.

Information and education are the keys to resolution of the dilemma. Congressional hearings are one important means of bringing out the realities of this complex ecological equation. The pressure that an anxious public is putting on its national legislature and the diligent response evident in the Congress lead to some optimism that new laws can be evolved for the harmony of society and nature.

RICHARD A. CARPENTER, a chemist by training, is chief of the Environmental Policy Division, Legislative Reference Service, of the Library of Congress.

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A PROGRESS REPORT ON SMOGLESS MOTORING

California has contracted for steambus demonstrations in three cities by September of 1971. Other advanced power systems are under research.

by JOHN LEAR

Everyone took care not to say that the gasoline-powered automobile is on its way out. Reporters who were invited to meet with the White House Environmental Quality Council on the morning of Thursday, July 16, were cautioned not to expect any hot news or even any news that would demand immediate publication. It was simply felt that the public would be best served if the press were made acquainted with the principles of new types of engines that might be available in case the gas-fueled engine proves unable to operate without polluting the air.

In spite of the contrary prediction, one bit of news did emerge from the meeting: The Environmental Quality Council has appointed an advisory committee on automotive advanced power systems. Head of this group is Ernest Starkman, professor of mechanical engineering at the University of California (Berkeley).

Professor Starkman spoke briefly to the reporters, but they spent most of their time listening to John Brogan, chief of motor vehicle research and development in the U.S. Health, Education and Welfare Department's National Air Pollution Control Administration office in Ann Arbor, Michigan. From Brogan's recital it became evident that an automotive advanced power system is one that does not provide propulsion by explosion as gasoline engines do.

It is the explosion process that accounts for pollution of the air. In the *internal combustion* engine, gasoline must be burned under pressure in order to drive the pistons that turn the wheels of the vehicle. Debris from the explosions must be disposed of through the exhaust.

In the steam engine, and in others like it, which run on what scientists call the Rankine cycle (liquid to vapor and back again continuously in a sealed container) or Sterling cycle (gas heated and cooled repeatedly in a sealed container), it is the steam (or other liquid or gas) that drives the pistons. Heat to expand the liquid or gas is applied from an open flame that burns outside the engine, which therefore is called an *external combustion* engine. There is no explosion, hence no debris to dispose of except traces of harmless carbon dioxide.

The only way to make a gasoline engine as clean as a steam engine is to burn progressively greater fractions of the gasoline. The car makers in Detroit say they can carry this process to sufficient lengths to lower the gasoline engine fumes close to the disappearing point. The Nixon administration hopes they are right. But suppose they are wrong, what then? All burning depends on the presence of oxygen. And as more oxygen is introduced to complete the combustion of hydrocarbons that now escape through the internal combustion engine's exhaust pipe, the oxygen combines not only with the hydrocarbons but with nitrogen in the air, creating oxides of nitrogen that are among the most dangerous elements in smog.

Even if the car makers do everything their present fume-suppression plans call for, they have not yet demonstrated a way to surmount two basic obstacles. First, fume-control devices become less effective with the passage of time; so eventually they inevitably will function below legal requirements.

Second, the number of cars on the road is expected to double by 1980, negating the effect of anything less than total fume suppression. In the belief that because of these two problems alone the gasoline car simply will not be able to meet state fume-emission limits to become effective in 1975, the state of California in recent weeks has signed contracts for construction of three experimental steambuses to run on regularly scheduled public transportation routes.

The contracts were negotiated on the initiative of John Francis Foran, chairman of the Transportation Committee of the California State Assembly. Foran is the sponsor of three interlocking pieces of legislation. One of these set motor fume-emission limits twice as low as those later adopted for the nation by the Congress. Another provided that premium prices may be paid for fume-free cars for California's state-owned vehicle fleet. The third was a resolution calling upon the California Highway Patrol to test a half-dozen patrol cars equipped with steam engines offered by General Motors. When GM, for unannounced reasons, withdrew from this last arrangement, Foran set a national precedent by asking Washington for an experimental grant from the federal Department of Transportation. Although no state legislature had ever before been given federal money, he got a grant of $1,121,075 from DOT's Urban Mass Transportation Administration, to be dispensed by the Rules Committee of the California Assembly. The arrangement was announced in Washington by DOT Secretary John Volpe on February 17, 1969.

California was plainly far ahead of the rest of the country, and had carried DOT along in the vanguard of the federal bureaucracy. The DOT activity was highly visible, because it involved demonstration projects. NAPCA was just as busy, but at the research level. And it was to spread the word of NAPCA's work that the press was summoned on July 16 by the White House Environmental Quality Council.

NAPCA's main objective, the reporters learned, is to have the air as clean by 1980 as it was in the 1930s. To that end, NAPCA has provided seed money for one experiment that has drawn the Detroit motor manufacturing community into the steamcar competition at the family car level. Beginning last year, when Thermo Electron, Inc., of Waltham, Massachusetts, was working with external combustion engine concepts too weak to power automobiles, NAPCA's advanced power systems group put more than half a million dollars into development of a Thermo Electron engine capable of running a family passenger car. Since then, the

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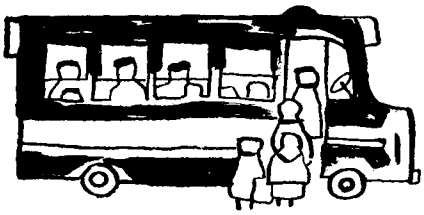
Ford Motor Company, which had previously put $1-million into Thermo Electron's small engine experiments, has committed $4-million toward a full-sized auto engine.

In a separate project, NAPCA now is negotiating with General Motors for measurement of fume emissions from two experimental GM steamcars.

Altogether, NAPCA's advanced power systems group is administering fourteen active research projects (which DOT will take over if and when they reach the demonstration stage). Among these is one with General Electric, calling for mathematical models of designs for steam engines less complex than the engine of today. Another NAPCA contract, held by the air research division of Garrett Corporation, covers search for a compact condenser for a steamcar. The Marquart Corporation, Solar Aircraft, Battelle Memorial Research Institute, and Paxve, Inc., are working on improved steam engine burners. A manufacturing cost study of mass production of automobile gas turbines is being done by United Aircraft Research Laboratories. (Though turbines are beset with problems, Professor Starkman personally favors them.) The Atomic Energy Commission's Argonne National Laboratory is testing a lithium-sulphur battery that may power an electric car over 200-mile stretches between eight and a dozen years hence. Aerospace Corporation is designing a hybrid heat energy/electric car. The Massachusetts Institute of Technology has one in experimental operation. Vehicles that store energy in mechanical rather than chemical form—in a flywheel that is periodically set spinning at high speed by a motor charged from an electric power outlet—are contracted for from the Lockheed Missile and Space Corporation and from the Applied Physics Laboratory of Johns Hopkins University.

In short, NAPCA is spreading its bets while DOT is concentrating on steam propulsion. The California bus contracts are under way at three levels of technology.

The first and most conservative approach is being pursued by William M. Brobeck and Associates, of Berkeley. Brobeck helped the late Ernest O. Lawrence build the first atom smasher at what later became the University of California Radiation Laboratory. Earlier, Brobeck had worked for the Doble brothers, the most progressive of the steamcar makers of the 1930s (for more steamcar history, see Andrew Jamison's new Indiana University Press book *The Steam-Powered Automobile*). Brobeck is therefore competent to weld knowledge of nuclear age materials and controls to the established thermodynamics of steam. But he does



not intend to do much welding. He says, "at the time the Doble steam-power system was developed, all the knowledge of thermodynamics and machine design and all the materials to build a satisfactory steam automobile existed. In fact, the Doble car outperformed the internal combustion engine cars built at the time." So he will assemble components that have proved themselves in practice and can be taken off the shelf.

The Brobeck bus will run on the regular routes of the Alameda-Contra Costa Transit District, which encompasses the sometimes flat and sometimes hilly terrain of the Oakland-Berkeley neighborhood. The bus will be required to sustain a top speed of fifty-five miles per hour and climb a nineteen-degree grade at five miles per hour.

A more sophisticated application of steam power will be attempted in the second California steambus contract, which has been awarded to Steam Power Systems, of San Diego. An electronically controlled steam valve and an automatic boiler that senses both the system's need for steam and the state of the steam at all points and times will permit a faster operation of the engine.

The Steam Power Systems bus will be assigned to routes of the Southern California Rapid Transit District, which is to say Los Angeles. The land is flat, and the lanes of travel include the Los Angeles Freeway. The required top speed of the bus therefore is sixty-five miles per hour. No hill climbing ability must be demonstrated, but air conditioning must be provided.

A major breakthrough in steam-propulsion technology will be sought in the third California steambus contract, which is held by Lear Motors, of Reno, Nevada. William Lear, noted for his electronic and aircraft inventions, has designed an engine that looks and works like a twin-screw pencil sharpener. Traditionally employed as an air compressor, this device originally was designed to take in air at one end and squeeze it through progressively narrowing space by moving the two screws against each other without touching. Lear has reversed the process by introducing steam at the narrow end of the aperture between the two screws and allowing it to expand as the aperture widens, turning the screws in the manner of a turbine. The design is the simplest ever proposed for a steam engine. There are few moving parts to wear out, and Lear figures on 400,000 miles of travel before repair or overhaul of the engine would be necessary.

Like any other gamble, the Lear design risks a penalty commensurate with its promise. If successful, it will amount to a great advance in the art of steam engining. If it fails, the failure is likely to be complete.

The Lear steambus has been assigned to the San Francisco Municipal Railway. Required to negotiate the Golden Gate city's steep hills, the bus must climb the same nineteen-degree grade as the Brobeck bus. It must also sustain a top speed of thirty-five miles per hour on level terrain.

Because of the advanced technology it is expected to produce, the Lear steambus contract is worth $450,000, or $125,000 more than the sum granted to Brobeck and to Steam Power Systems. These figures cover Phase 1 of the California project, which includes design and assembly of the engines, their installation in buses, and three months of preliminary testing prior to placement of the buses in regularly scheduled service. Phase 2 will involve an additional federal funding of $250,000 (promised but not yet authorized by DOT) for the in-service demonstration period.

If the contract terms are met as expected, the buses will be in operation by the end of September 1971. If the test runs are successful, and if emission of fumes from the new buses is appreciably less than from the older diesel oil-powered buses, the state under one of Foran's new laws will be free to pay as much as a 100 per cent premium for steam-powered autos in up to 25 per cent of all purchases for the state-owned automotive fleet. Thus, a nucleus of a market for steam-powered autos would be created, with a reasonable chance that Congress would expand the market by passing a pending bill that offers a similar though lesser premium for steam-powered cars in the federally owned fleet.

Congressional attitudes will be influenced by grassroots reaction to progress on three other DOT contracts. One of these is with the Dallas transit system and provides for a practical test of a steambus on the streets there. The others are with San Francisco and Washington, D.C.; they call for installation of fume-, noise-, and vibration-suppression devices on existing diesel-engined buses. Anticipated but not yet signed at the time this report went to press was a contract with the New York Transit Authority for an electric-battery-powered bus in New York City. Because of present-day limitations on stored power, this bus is intended to operate over a short route.

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Answers to the hard problems—such as litter and solid waste disposal—don't come easy. But, with effort and persistence, they do come.

Reynolds has working proof of this with its anti-litter, aluminum can recycling program. Starting in Miami over three years ago, we've developed approaches that are now about to be put to work in 16 states.

They'll be pulling used aluminum cans and other discarded aluminum products off the scrap heap and back to our reclamation plants. They'll be helping to clean up our streets and conserve our nation's resources at the same time.

Los Angeles gets involved.

We know these programs work. One plan, with a Reynolds promotion drive behind it, has Los Angeles citizens bringing more than *a million cans a month* into our plant there. It has not only made Los Angeles people more aware of their litter problem, it has *involved* them, stimulated them into doing something about it.

Now we're expanding our Miami effort to cover all of Florida. We'll be launching our campaign in New York City, and will move into northern New Jersey, Houston, San Francisco, and the Pacific Northwest.

In addition, we are working with Adolph Coors Company of Colorado to help reclaim their used aluminum beer cans. We'll be taking their cans from Arizona, Colorado, New Mexico, Wyoming, Utah, Nevada, Kansas, Oklahoma, Texas, and California.

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Used aluminum is valuable.

What makes the program work is the basic value of aluminum itself. Scrap aluminum is worth $200 a ton, because it can be melted down and reused so readily. Scrap steel, by comparison, brings only $20 a ton; paper, $16 a ton.

So used aluminum cans are worth picking up, worth saving and taking to a reclamation plant. Reynolds is able to offer ½¢ per can, and to suggest that Boy Scouts, hospital charity groups, and other organizations—and individuals—raise funds by collecting and returning aluminum scrap.

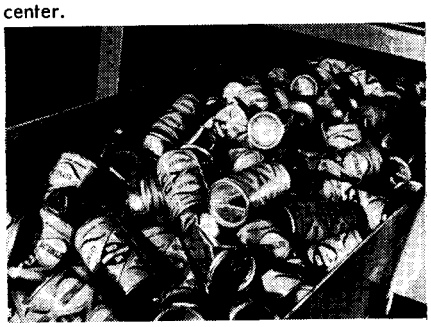
They're taking our suggestions. One million cans that don't show up in Los Angeles garbage heaps every month prove that.

Letters for anti-litter.

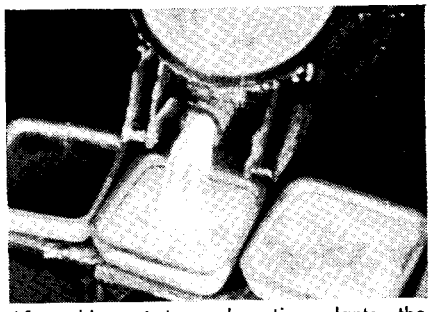
Our anti-litter efforts have brought us much applause from Boy Scout officials, Congressmen, Keep America Clean groups, civic leaders, and many others. But our chief satisfaction is in being able to help with this most difficult and important problem. We intend to keep at it, and to work even harder. Reynolds Metals Company, P.O. Box 2346-LO, Richmond, Virginia, 23218.

REYNOLDS
where new ideas take shape in
ALUMINUM

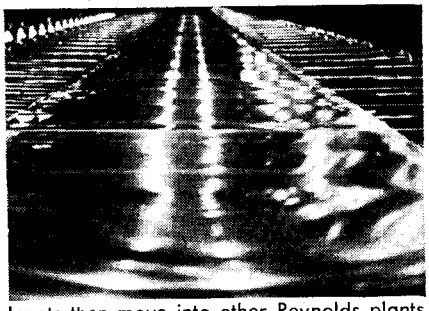
Individuals and organizations bring all-aluminum cans to the Reynolds reclamation center.



Used cans pass through a magnetic separator and are then shredded.



After shipment to reclamation plants, the shredded aluminum is melted and cast into secondary ingots.



Ingots then move into other Reynolds plants to be formed into sheet, plate or other mill products.

The recycled aluminum re-enters the economy in a variety of attractive, durable new products.

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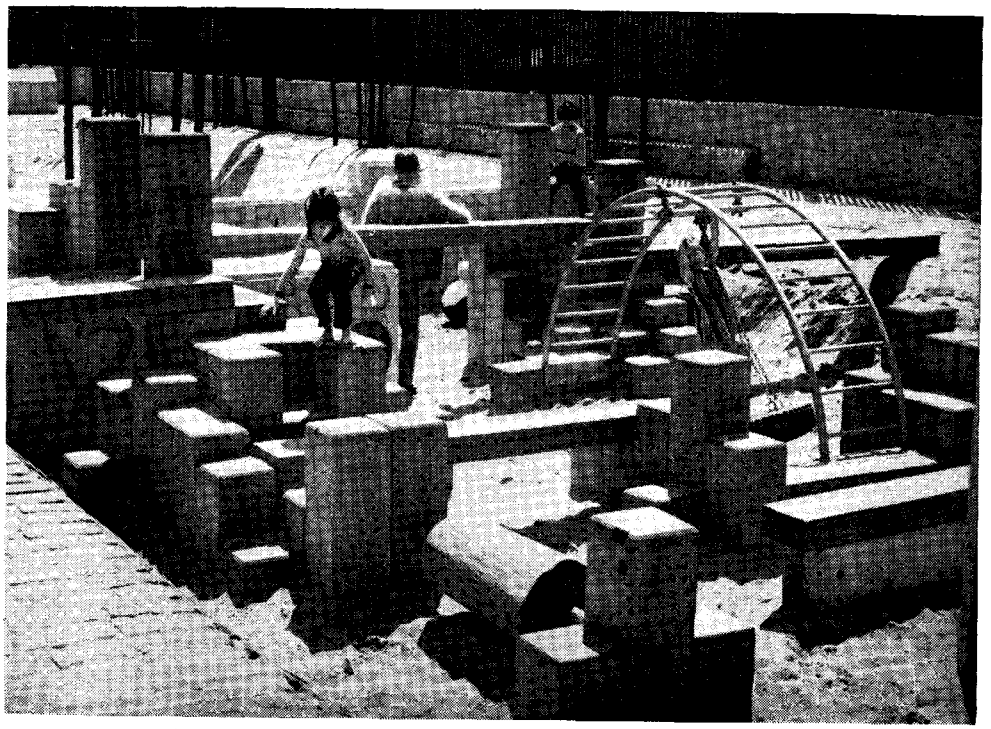

Playground designed by M. Paul Friedberg—"innovative and creative."

CREATIVE URBANISTS

In the flood of new books on civic design, the generalists are often more valid than the "experts."

by WOLF VON ECKARDT

The failure of our cities and their surroundings is in no small part a failure of American education, scholarship, and letters. Our schools, universities, and journals have until recently all but ignored urban history, and the art and science of architecture and city planning, except, of course, to train and inform the specialists. Educated people in this country therefore feel ill-equipped to voice opinions on the design of our habitat, although that is surely as important to our civilization as political, diplomatic, and economic concerns. There has been far more enlightened public discussion of urban policies and civic design abroad, even, as Anatole Kopp (*Town and Revolution*) reveals, in the pre-Stalin Soviet Union.

Now that this neglect has begun literally to offend our domestic tranquillity, to say nothing of our eyes, ears, and noses, a whole new urban-expert industry has sprung up, flooding us with literature on the urban and environmental crisis. The flood, alas, brings with it a lot of pretentious debris. Too many of the new "experts" are still deficient in general education and scholarship; the most informative, perceptive, and constructive writing usually comes not from experts but from concerned generalists such as Nan Fairbrother (*New Lives, New Landscapes*), or creative and embattled designers such as Paul Friedberg (*Play and Interplay*), who hope to enlist recruits in their struggle against bureaucratic indifference.

Their work, along with a sampling of other recent books on architecture and urbanism, is briefly reviewed below.

Play and Interplay: A Manifesto for New Design in Urban Recreational Environment, *by M. Paul Friedberg with Ellen Perry Berkeley, introduction by Thomas P. F. Hoving, Macmillan, 190 pp., $9.95*

RECREATION IN THE CITY, as Thomas Hoving observes in his introduction to this heartening book of many pictures and few words, is both an urban problem and a way to alleviate many other urban ills. Friedberg goes far to show how. He does so with refreshing common sense, an understanding of the city's children, teen-agers, adults, and aged, and an appreciation of economics. He ignores the conventional and bureaucratic rules in favor of observing people—the way they play and interplay, the way they use what space is left to them, and how they respond to the few public facilities they are given. Friedberg's photographs show us the truly innovative and creative playgrounds he has designed for several public housing projects; his text, without statistics or sociological jargon, reveals a new, humanistic approach to urban design.

In Friedberg's city, open space is not leftover space, nor is recreation relegated to leftover time. If there is hope for the survival of our cities, it rests not with the academic pretensions of the planning profession but with the kind of practical and humane creativity Friedberg, who is essentially an artist, demonstrates here.

Town and Revolution: Soviet Architecture and City Planning: 1917-1935, *by Anatole Kopp, translated by Thomas E. Burton, Braziller, 274 pp., $15*

THE RUSSIAN REVOLUTION originally sought to transform not only the state but also the total man-made environment. Soviet architecture and city planning were to play a role in the process, Anatole Kopp, a French architect, tells us in this fascinating, well-illustrated, and well-documented account. Along with the new political system and new means of production, they were to contribute to the improvement of Soviet man and the creation of new interrelationships suitable to the new socialist society. Amidst the suffering and turmoil of the pre-Stalin years, the Soviet intelligentsia was engaged in a passionate discussion of just what those relationships should be. Extremists favored virtual abolition of the family and housing of people by age groups. Others advocated merely lightening the burden of household drudgery and leaving the job of "social condenser" to the workers' clubs—social centers that served as "schools of culture."

The most heated argument, however, like that still going on in this country, was between the urbanists and the deurbanists. Both wanted to totally rebuild the country. But the urbanists, who more or less won out in the end, recommended that the existing cities be rebuilt along socialistic lines, which were never clearly defined, and that

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new towns and garden cities be built for the new power dams and industrial centers called for in the first Five-Year Plan. The de-urbanists urged that the existing cities be turned into parks, which would encircle the few, necessary, monumental public buildings, and, in order to eliminate the inequalities between rural and urban life and to provide the population with greater mobility, they suggested that the people be scattered all over the land in small, prefabricated, temporary homes strung out along the highways—a vision somewhat similar to the actuality of contemporary American suburbs.

There were daring and highly imaginative architects in both camps. If most of their avant-garde work ended with blueprints, it was mainly because their designs presumed a degree of industrialization that simply did not exist in the Soviet Union at that time. Some of their work, to be sure, was inspired by those in the West European avant-garde, notably Le Corbusier, and Ernst May and Hannes Meyer, both of whom worked in the Soviet Union for a while. However, Kopp points out in his objective analysis that the influence of the early Soviet architects on the West was far greater than is generally supposed. The similarity between Melnikov's 1927 Rusakov Club in Moscow and Marcel Breuer's 1966 Whitney Museum in New York City would seem to bear him out. But even the paper flowering of Soviet architecture was brief. Stalin's insistence on totalitarian "socialist realism," with its columned Corinthian wedding cakes, concocted from the stylistic "garbage cans of history," is one measure of the reactionary betrayal of the original ideals of the October Revolution. Today, says Kopp, the climate in the U.S.S.R. is once again more favorable to environmental experiments. But since Stalin's bust has been restored to the Kremlin wall, one wonders.

The Rise of an American Architecture, *edited with an introduction and exhibition notes by Edgar Kaufmann, Jr., illustrated, Praeger, 241 pp., $10*

THE Pat Moynihans and Edward C. Banfields are suddenly telling us that there is nothing very new about our urban problems. Neither is there anything very new about their specific solutions, except that we keep ignoring them. This collection of essays by distinguished architecture historians (the scholarly foundation, as it were, of the current, splendid exhibit on "The Rise of an American Architecture" at New York's Metropolitan Museum) explains why much nineteenth-century architectural thinking is still valid today.

As Albert Fein's essay documents, America's leading nineteenth-century urban designers, notably Frederick Law Olmsted, proposed and often actually developed a superior public environment in our burgeoning industrial cities. (New York's Central Park is but one example.) The parks and parkways of those early designers were as much an expression of cultural identity as were the Acropolis, the Roman forums and baths, and the medieval cathedrals. Winston Weisman gives a scholarly account of the history of the skyscraper. Vincent Scully points out that the evolution of the small, middle-class house and its clustering—the essence of suburbia—was at once a very American and a very humanistic accomplishment. And Henry-Russell Hitchcock tells us how American architectural innovations have contributed to the modern environment around the world. The tragedy is that, along with our historic buildings, we are also obliterating some of America's most significant and innovative achievements.

Nations and Cities: A Comparison of Strategies for Urban Growth, *by Lloyd Rodwin, Houghton Mifflin, 395 pp., $7.95*

ALTHOUGH SOME SOCIOLOGISTS still deny the influence of environment on human behavior, and the conventional wisdom of most economists considers comprehensively planned urban development an "uneconomic" exercise in civic sculpture, a good many countries around the world are beginning to formulate national strategies for urban growth. The Economic and Social Council of the United Nations has, in fact, recently urged the developing countries to avoid the mistakes of the developed ones, and to adopt national urban development programs as the surest way to achieve "an improvement in the quality of the human environment as well as economic well-being." And in the United States a "national urban growth policy" bill, calling for new towns and new cities, has been jointly introduced in Congress by Representative Thomas L. Ashley and Senator John J. Sparkman.

Lloyd Rodwin, an MIT professor of urban studies, has written a readable, if somewhat technical, account of how the beginnings of such a policy are faring in Venezuela, Turkey, France, and England. His analysis should be most helpful in the national debate on government-guided urban growth that will surely take place in this country. So far, Professor Rodwin says, the widely divergent programs he reports on are faring only passably well. Most of them underestimated the difficulties of practical achievement and overestimated the benefits—yielding valuable lessons more often than truly valuable results. Perhaps Rodwin's most interesting observation is that despite Great Britain's famous thirty-four-year-old New Towns legislation and some twenty thriving new towns, a decision has not yet been made on a truly national urban growth pattern—one that would coordinate the growth of London, Birmingham, Liverpool, Manchester, and other urban centers in an overall scheme. But, Rodwin says, changes in technology make national urban and environmental planning both feasible and inevitable.

New Lives, New Landscapes: Planning for the Twenty-first Century, *by Nan Fairbrother, foreword by Walter Muir Whitehill, illustrated, Knopf, 397 pp., $12.50*

WHEN WE TALK about preserving open space in and around our metropolitan areas, more often than not we mean a man-made, agricultural landscape that is as irretrievable as the horse-drawn plow. "A negative policy of not disturbing the old cannot therefore for long succeed," writes Nan Fairbrother, a spirited English author. "We *must* disturb [the landscape] to survive—on a vast scale and everywhere—and the longer we take to accept this the more thoroughly we shall destroy what we have in the interval." The answer, she suggests, is "the conscious adaptation of our habitat to new conditions by controlled land-use planning"—comprehensive landscape design. Her extensive suggestions for adapting nature's beauty to man's modern needs are persuasive, realistic, and refreshingly unsentimental. Although she writes mainly of England, her prescriptions are fully applicable to this country. The new landscapes begin, she says, "by accepting industry as an integral part of our environment, learning to live with it as naturally as we once did with farming."

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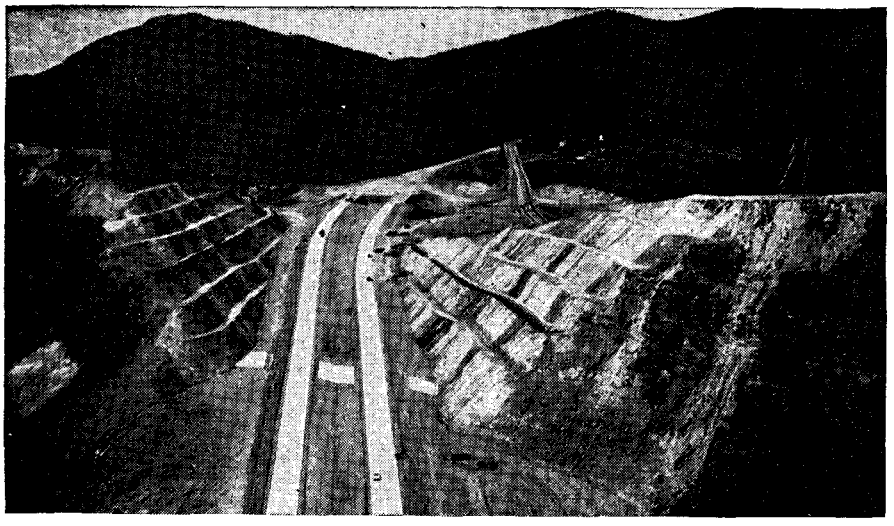
Earth Watch

World-Wide Environment Notes



Terracing along Highway 70 outside Denver reveals geological history.

Serendipitous Highway

GOLDEN, COLO.

A SECTION of Interstate Highway 70 about nine miles due west of Denver has been turned into a geological showplace. When a double cut was made through a ridge in the Rocky Mountains called Hogback to straighten the highway, the sides of the cuts were terraced to stabilize their steep slopes. The terracing exposed rock formations that geologists recognized as dating back to the era of the dinosaurs.

At the prompting of local conservation and civic groups and with the cooperation of the State Highway Commission and the Department of Transportation's Federal Highway Administration, turnoffs and parking areas were built at the site so that those coming through can stop and study the geological record of the past 130 million years revealed in colored bands of different rock strata.

A local conservationist called the construction "a dramatic demonstration that highway construction methods need not be so damaging to our environment."

Chemicals from Outworn Tires

AKRON, O.

MORE THAN 100 million worn-out tires are discarded in the United States each year. Their disposal is a major problem. Many are burned in open-air dumps, creating a stench and polluting the air with black smoke. Others are buried but, not being readily degradable, make poor land fill. The Firestone Tire & Rubber Company hopes to solve the problem with a pilot plant it is building at its Akron complex, which company officials claim will be entirely pollution-free.

The plant will make use of the destructive distillation process. Shredded tires will be fed on a continuous basis into an electric furnace heated to temperatures from 140 to more than 900 degrees Centigrade. Under that intense heat and in the absence of air, the tires break down into solid, liquid, and gaseous components that are recovered and can be marketed. The solid residue, for example, is a crumbly, carbonaceous material suitable as a filtering medium for tertiary sewage treatment, as a particulate in cement, and as a smokeless fuel.

If the pilot plant proves commercially feasible, Firestone plans to build ten full-scale units at strategic locations around the country. Each plant would be capable of consuming about ten million scrap tires per year.

The process adopted on a continuous basis in Firestone's pilot plant was first tried out in a batch-scale test with the assistance of the U.S. Interior Department's Bureau of Mines at its carbonization pilot plant in Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania.

Airing the Polluters

TAMPA, FLA.

RADIO STATION WINQ in this city has launched a public service program to improve the environment of the area within reach of its signal—from St. Petersburg Beach in the west to Cape Kennedy in the east. Called *Earth Patrol*, the program invites listeners about once every hour to call in or write to the all-talk-and-news station and report suspected pollution violations. The station logs and investigates the complaints. When they are valid, the station's six-man air staff turns the offenders' names over to the State Pollution Control Board for action. Follow-up pollution reports are then made on the air.

Since the program was initiated about two months ago, WINQ has received an average of two-and-a-half calls a day, about twenty polluters have been reported to the State Control Board, and about 10 per cent of the reported violations have been cleared

Power to the People

AT THE TIME this magazine went to press, Governor William G. Milliken of Michigan was ready to sign a bill giving citizens of the state the right to file suit against any public agency or private industry to protect the air, water, or other natural resources from pollution. The bill will be a legal milestone.

Under current practice, courts often have dismissed environmental suits brought by private citizens on the ground that these individuals do not have proper legal standing and that actions should be brought by local, state, or federal agencies charged with protecting the environment. Courts also often have ruled that a citizen bringing suit must show that he is directly affected by the actions of the offender. Under the Michigan bill there would be no question that a citizen has the right to bring suit when there is a threat to the overall environment.

The bill was drafted by Joseph L. Sax, professor of law at the University of Michigan, who has also drafted legislation now before the United States Senate to give citizens throughout the country the right to sue those federal agencies and private companies engaged in interstate commerce that pose a threat to the environment.

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up. Although some of the reported polluters are private companies, the station says it hasn't lost any advertising yet.

Ecological Census

PALISADES, N.Y.

COMPREHENSIVE ecological mapping that may lead to increased environmental understanding will be carried out on a twenty-three-acre tract of woodland Columbia University has recently leased along the west bank of the Hudson River, about eleven miles north of Manhattan Island. The tract has a rich variety of plant and animal life. Once the property of the late financier Thomas W. Lamont, it was donated by his sons in 1969 to the Nature Conservancy, a national land preservation organization.

The lease stipulates that Columbia maintain the tract in its wild state and use it to conduct scientific and educational research. The university's program will be administered by the Department of Biological Sciences, whose first project will be an inventory of all the flora and fauna present, with special attention given to microorganisms in the soil. "Only when you know what's there," said Professor Frank G. Lier, who is designing the research, "can you begin to study interrelations."

Antipollution Bonds

PHILADELPHIA.

THE First Pennsylvania Bank here is offering "Earth Bonds" in multiples of $25 as a way to finance preferential-interest loans to area companies willing to install antipollution devices. The bonds are being advertised on radio and TV, in newspapers, and by direct mail to the bank's customers. Interest rates range from 5 per cent for ninety-day bonds to 5.75 per cent for two-year bonds.

The campaign is relatively new. So far $200,000 worth of bonds have been sold, mostly to young purchasers, defined as being under thirty. The bank has matched that sum and is about to make its first loan. It will probably be an unusually long-term one of eight to ten years made to a local company that will install air pollution controls.

Plastics That Self-destruct

TORONTO.

MODERN PLASTICS are resistant to heat, cold, corrosion, and, unfortunately, to decomposition. The reason is that they are made of giant synthetic molecules, known as macromolecules, whose atoms are linked in intertwined and folded chains up to 10,000 times the length of those found in nonsynthetic molecules. Microorganisms that can successfully decompose organic matter having shorter molecular chains cannot degrade these man-made materials. Some scientists have estimated that it would take millions of years for microorganisms capable of decomposing plastics to evolve naturally.

Meantime, a man-made solution to the problem may have been found by an international team of scientists doing basic research at the University of Toronto on the effects of light on macromolecules. Led by Toronto chemist James E. Guillet, the team attached groups of molecules capable of absorbing the sun's ultraviolet rays along the "backbone" of the plastic's macromolecular chain. The researchers found that these "sensitizer groups," when exposed to direct sunlight, use the energy they get from the ultraviolet rays to break the backbone of the chain, gradually turning the plastic into sandlike particles. Once broken up, the plastic can be further decomposed by existing microorganisms. The most rapidly self-destructing plastic the Guillet group has so far developed breaks down in a few weeks.

If the sensitizer group is properly chosen, Professor Guillet says, it will absorb only ultraviolet light, not visible light. Hence, he claims, plastic containing such sensitizers would not decompose indoors—even when next to a picture window—since ordinary window glass does not transmit ultraviolet light. The first use Professor Guillet foresees for the new material is in plastic objects commonly thrown away by litterbugs.

A Quiet Jackhammer

PARIS.

THE FRENCH have developed a jackhammer reputed to be quiet enough to operate in hospital zones and in residential areas at night. Called the Hydroville, and now in commercial production, the silent concrete breaker uses a closed-circuit hydraulic system instead of the customary, ear-shattering air compressor as its driving force. The entire energy source is enclosed in a soundproofed housing, and the impact noise of the hammer is diminished by a patented dampening device.

The Hydroville is said to have a noise level ten times lower than that of conventional compressed-air devices, estimated at 95 to 100 decibels. A rating of more than 80 to 85 decibels is generally considered to make people uncomfortable and possibly to produce adverse physiological effects.

Soviets Start Water Cleanup

MOSCOW.

WATER POLLUTION is estimated to cost the Soviet Union the equivalent of $6-billion a year. To curb the damage caused by pollution and conserve the nation's water supply, the government has put into effect a comprehensive legislative program.

The new law forbids the disposal of waste materials, except for treated sewage, in any body of water. Enterprises found guilty of discharging such matter as fertilizers or chemical pesticides into the water can be closed down, their water supplies can be shut off, and they can be forced to pay for the damages incurred.

The program also sets up local sanitation organizations in each of the country's fifteen republics with authority to supervise conservation and to implement antipollution measures. No industry, agricultural enterprise, or individual citizen is exempt.

Planning Ahead

SINGAPORE.

WITHOUT WAITING for air pollution to become a severe problem, this island republic off the Malay Peninsula has begun to act against its two major polluters: motor vehicles and factories.

There are about 600,000 motor vehicles on the 225-square-mile island. Another 23,000 swell the total each year. In a crackdown that started this spring, drivers operating vehicles emitting visible exhausts are required to have the exhausts tested for their particle content. If the solid matter is found to exceed the permissible level set by the government, the driver is fined and directed to have his machine serviced. The fines mount steeply month by month for those who ignore the law. Officials say the volume of smoky motor vehicle exhaust has declined dramatically since the new procedure went into effect.

Controlling the pollutants emitted by Singapore's busy factories will be more challenging. A task force appointed by Prime Minister Lee Kuan Yew, on the advice of an Australian consultant, will determine a standard of tolerable air pollutants and will draft laws to enforce the standard. These efforts may take time, but in the consultant's opinion Singapore is doing for its environment now what more technologically advanced countries should have done years ago when their industry was in its infancy.

—SALLY LINDSAY.

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HIDDEN EFFECTS OF OVERPOPULATION

Synergisms and trigger events complicate the obvious.

by PAUL R. EHRLICH and JOHN P. HOLDREN

Several subtle aspects of the relationship between population growth and environmental degradation operate to make man's predicament even more perilous than superficial analyses indicate. Four to be considered here are *synergisms, threshold effects, trigger effects,* and *time-lag effects.*

A *synergism* is the interaction (constructive or destructive) of two or more factors that yield a total effect greater than would occur if the factors operated independently. In colloquial terms, it is a situation in which the whole exceeds the sum of its parts. An illustrative synergism in environmental health is the interaction of sulphur dioxide (from coal-burning power plants) and asbestos particles (from automobile brake linings) in inducing lung cancer. The sulphur dioxide interferes with the process by which foreign particles are expelled from the lungs; that, in turn, increases the residence time of the carcinogenic asbestos and hence the chances of contracting the disease. Many other destructive synergisms are known, and one can speculate about even more ominous ones yet to be identified—perhaps an interaction between low-dose radiation and persistent pesticides, which could affect vital components of the ecosystem or man directly.

The connection of such effects to population growth is clear. As populations grow and the associated technologies increase in power and variety, a broadening array of biologically active wastes is distributed in ever more overlapping spheres of influence. Substances that previously rarely came in contact with each other now commonly occur together. Fertilizer residues and oil spills now pollute coastal waters once devoid of either, and pesticides, toxic lead compounds, and man-made radionuclides move simultaneously through important food chains.

A second aspect of the response of environmental systems to the wastes generated by human populations involves *threshold effects.* At levels or rates below a threshold, many sorts of impact are buffered by the environment without adverse effects. Manure is naturally processed into humus by microorganisms in the soil, and organic matter introduced into rivers is decomposed in a similar way. Increases in atmospheric carbon dioxide are partly self-correcting because they stimulate an increase in the rate of carbon dioxide-consuming photosynthesis (and part of any excess is absorbed by the oceans). Unfortunately, such systems are all too easily overloaded—the thresholds can be exceeded—with consequences ranging from nuisance odors to potential climatological disaster.

Perhaps the classic example is the plight of many of the rivers of the developed world, whose capacity to absorb sewage and industrial wastes has long since been exceeded. Although a thousand people may dump their raw sewage into a stream with impunity, ten thousand may hopelessly pollute it; activities that appear entirely innocuous when carried on by a small population may be disastrous for a larger one. We understand only a few natural systems well enough to identify their thresholds quantitatively, but we continue to play the game of growth, a procedure guaranteed to find them all by experiment. The demise of so many of our rivers does not seem to have taught us the lesson; perhaps that of the oceans will.

A related third possibility, usually overlooked by those who insist that the population/environment crisis has been exaggerated, is the *trigger effect,* in which an environmental balance is upset by a relatively small man-made input. A little-known example is the triggering of earthquakes as a result of filling the reservoirs behind large dams—dams that are built to supply the water and power needs of growing populations. The stress associated with the weight of the water impounded by the dam may lead to fault slippage, which releases far more energy than man put in. Hundreds of seismic events, with magnitudes up to 5.0 on the Richter scale, resulted from the filling of Lake Mead in the years 1935-39, and an earthquake of magnitude 6.4, caused by the filling of the Kogna Dam, killed 200 people in India in 1967. Less bizarre and perhaps much more serious trigger effects may intrude wherever the environmental status quo is maintained by opposing forces in balance: in predator-prey relationships that affect the human food supply, in the soil and water conditions that encourage or inhibit the growth of certain viruses and other agents of disease, in the chemical reactions of the upper atmosphere that maintain the Earth's protective screen against ultraviolet radiation.

The difficulties in predicting, identifying, and alleviating any of the phenomena discussed above—synergisms, threshold effects, and trigger effects—are compounded because they may operate in conjunction with a fourth factor: *time delay.* Time delay refers to situations in which causes may precede their effects by years or even decades. This can come about in a number of ways. With many persistent pesticides, the process of concentration consumes time as the substances move from level to level up the food chains. This results in a substantial lag between the original application at low concentration and the appearance of pathological effects high in the food web. For reasons not entirely understood, induction of various forms of cancer by exposure to radiation is characterized by "latency periods" ranging up to thirty years. Particulate pollution, more than 50 per cent of it dust from agricultural activities, is cooling the Earth and bringing on climatic changes. The full consequences of this trend may not be apparent for decades or longer.

Many other conditions associated with man's environmental meddling are also characterized by dormant stages preceding the appearance of identifiable symptoms (e.g., certain parasitic diseases and genetic effects associated with various chemical pollutants). Usually such a time lag means that when the symptoms finally appear, corrective action is ineffective or impossible. If *all* use of persistent pesticides were stopped tomorrow, the concentrations of these substances in many critical organisms—and the associated damage—would continue to increase for some years to come.

Consideration of the four classes of phenomena discussed here—synergisms, threshold effects, trigger effects, and time-delay effects—suggests that population growth today is committing us to a degree of environmental degradation not yet fully apparent.

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Editorial

Continued from page 18

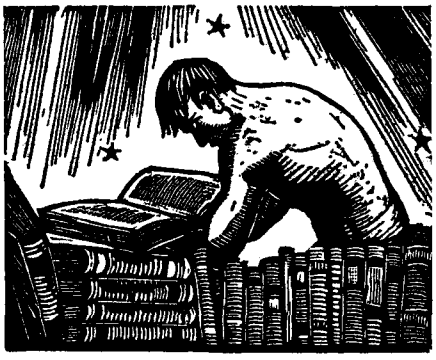
gerous notion to the effect that the atomic bomb is so horrible and the terror of retaliation so great that we may have seen the last of war. Far from banishing war, the atomic bomb will in itself constitute a cause of war. In the absence of world control as part of world government, it will create universal fear and suspicion. Each nation will live nervously from one moment to the next, not knowing whether the designs or ambitions of other nations might prompt them to attempt a lightening blow of obliteration. The ordinary, the inevitable differences among nations that might in themselves be susceptible of solution might now become the signals for direct action, lest the other nation get in the first and decisive blow. Since the science of warfare will no longer be dependent upon armies but will be waged by push-buttons, releasing radio-controlled rockets carrying cargoes of atomic explosives, the slightest suspicion may start all the push-buttons going.

No; there is no comfort to be derived from the war-is-now-too-horrible theory. There is one way and only one to achieve effective control of destructive atomic energy and that is through centralized world government. Not loose, informal organization. Not even through an international pool, or through an international policing agreement. A police force is no better than its laws, and there can be no laws without government. Finally, the potency of the weapon must dictate the potency of its control.

There is no need to discuss the historical reasons pointing to and arguing for world government. There is no need to talk of the difficulties in the way of world government. There is need only to ask whether we can afford to do without it. All other considerations become either secondary or inconsequential.

It would be comforting to know that the world had several generations in which it might be able to evolve naturally and progressively into a single governmental unit. In fact, even as late as August 5, 1945, it seemed that the Charter of the United Nations had made an adequate beginning in that direction, providing the machinery for revision that might lead within fifteen or twenty years to a real world structure. But the time factor has been shattered. We no longer have a leeway of fifteen or twenty years; whatever must be done must be done with an immediacy that is in keeping with the urgency. Once the basic peace settlements are arranged, the United Nations must convene again for an Atomic Age inventory, undertaking an overall examination of the revolutionary changes in the world since its conference in San Francisco in the long-ago spring of 1945.

If all this sounds like headlong argument, posing methods or solutions that seem above the reach of mortal man, the answer must be that mortal man's reach was long enough apparently to push science and invention ahead by at least five hundred years



during five years of experimentation on atomic energy. His ability to do this not only indicates that he can extend or overextend himself when pressed but emphasizes the need to do the same with government.

Man must decide what is more important—his differences or his similarities. If he chooses the former, he embarks on a path that will, paradoxically, destroy the differences and himself as well. If he chooses the latter, he shows a willingness to meet the responsibilities that go with maturity and conscience. Though heterogeneity is the basic manifestation of nature, as Spencer observed, a still greater manifestation is the ability of nature to create larger areas of homogeneity that act as a sort of rim to the spokes of the human wheel.

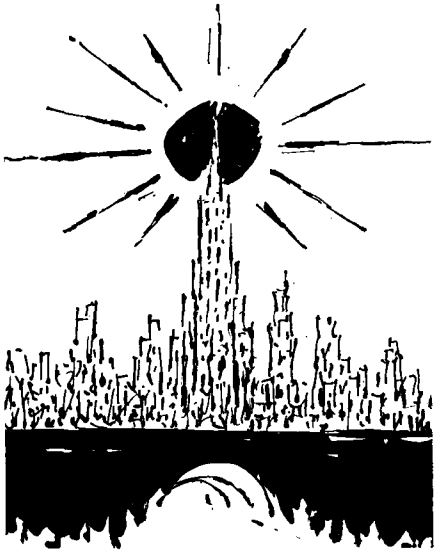
True, in making the jump to world government, man is taking a big chance. Not only does he have to create the first world authority, but he shall have to make sure that this authority is wisely used. All through history there has been too great a contradiction between ideals and institutions and the forces that have taken over those ideals and institutions. We have too often allowed the best ideas to fall into the hands of the worst men. There has not been a great ideal or idea that has not been perverted or exploited at one time or another by those who were looking for means to an end—the end being seldom compatible with the idea itself.

This is the double nature of the challenge: to bring about world government and to keep it pure. It is a large order, perhaps the largest order man has had to meet in his 50,000-odd years on earth, but he himself has set up the conditions that have made the order necessary.

All these are the various mutations and adjustments needed in the expression of man's nature, in his way of life, his thinking, his economics, his education, his conditioning and orientation, and his concept of government in an Atomic Age. But if he rejects this, the first course, there is yet another way, an alternative to world government. This is the second course. Preposterous as this second course may seem, we describe it in all seriousness, for it is possible that through it man may find a way to stay alive—which is the central problem under consideration in this editorial.

The second course is relatively simple. It requires that man destroy, carefully and completely, everything relating to science and civilization. Let him destroy all machines and the knowledge that can build or operate those machines. Let him raze his cities, smash his laboratories, dismantle his factories, tear down his universities and schools, burn his libraries, rip apart his art. Let him murder his scientists, his doctors, his teachers, his lawmakers, his mechanics, his merchants, and anyone who has anything to do with the machinery of knowledge or progress. Let him punish literacy by death. Let him abolish nations and set up the tribe as sovereign. In short, let him revert to his condition in society in 10,000 B.C. Thus emancipated from science, from progress, from government, from knowledge, from thought, he can be reasonably certain of safeguarding his existence on this planet.

This is the alternative to world government—if modern man wishes an alternative.



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Changes in the Black Ghetto—I

Continued from page 15

terpart has been a remarkable channel and catalyst for constructive social action on Christian principles." He agrees, too, that the initiative should be with the blacks: "Needs should condition our responses."

More a process than an organization, Counterpart attempts to fill a social need too long neglected. According to Miller, "Since Reconstruction—and Reconstruction lasted only ten years—there has been no planning for black people in America." Counterpart tries to do some of that planning, from the grass roots, locally, beginning with the individual who is willing to help himself and accept white help to do so.

What Counterpart has done and is continuing to do, Miller believes, can be done in any community. He concedes that it must be done, at least at first, against the tide of the times, against the indifference or active opposition of black youth. He is philosophical about his failure to date to enlist more than a scattering of young people. Their impatience with his methods does not change his mind; he believes that in the long run the success of his methods will change theirs.

"Young people haven't experienced segregation in the classical sense—and that's a hell of a word to use. They don't know the full humiliation. I can understand why there are Black Panthers. I can remember the segregation, and the policemen who would shoot you down like a dog. Separatists want a culture of their own, and I think that's good. They want their own to educate them, and I don't think that's bad. I can understand their impatience; I can't accept it. We've got to get from point A to point B, and that means we've got to do the things that dictates. Not by some new ideology, not by rhetoric, not by some ism that says, 'Paint it black.' Tyranny is colorless. It's still the same damned thing whether it's communism or fascism or paint-it-black. I'm not going to be brutalized by white *or* black. I'm not going to trade the little freedom I have for something worse. I've been that route before."

Counterpart does not deal in confrontations, violence, and nonnegotiable demands. It defines concrete problems, and then applies intelligence and expertise to their solution. "If we want to raise some money, we put some people together and we raise the money. If we want to develop a program or build a building, we put some people together and build the damned building or develop the damned program."

Demonstrably, this philosophy has always drawn white support, and it shows signs of drawing black support as well. The aggressive East Palo Alto Municipal Council has begun to pay Counterpart the compliment of imitation in working for grants and government assistance. The ratio of blacks to whites in Counterpart is gradually increasing. The face of East Menlo Park has acquired a few landmarks that black pride—which Kemp Miller values as highly as do even the Black Panthers—can feed on. The corps of blacks with sophisticated know-how in political and economic matters slowly grows. Respect between black and white, at least within the Counterpart organization, is real.

"I'm a lousy administrator," Miller says. "I think I'm learning a little about how to be a leader."

It has not all been success. When someone steals the organ out of the newly renovated church, and someone else steals the television out of the teen center, and when one outbreak of violence draws more newspaper attention than years of patient work, Counterpart's veterans wince and plug ahead.

"East Palo Alto doesn't yet know what it's got in Kemp Miller," a black realtor recently commented. When the community finally does discover what it has, it will discover both a leader and an idea. The leader is, by choice and by philosophy, local. The idea is available for export.

Changes in the Black Ghetto—II

Continued from page 14

ciety congregation, has spoken of a "rebirth" of the church, and indeed there have been new members coming in, some white and some black, but there is not, at this time, a waiting line.

What of Frazier's fire? He has support on many sides. In addition to the assets turned over by the Society, the black group receives, at the moment, support from the national UUA, and Frazier's salary is paid, indirectly, by the Unitarian Church in Plandome, Long Island. But he has fire on many sides, too. Like the Unitarian Society before him, he could fail to make it with the surrounding community. Mr. Frazier was working with Medgar Evers in Jackson, Mississippi, and had left him just a few minutes before Evers was killed. Having seen both faces of the Janus, Frazier does not expect the white establishment to be always friendly or hospitable. And the black community could explode, and shatter his efforts amid the general ruin.

But two ministers, and their congregations, are trying as best they know how. A sacrifice has been made and a landmark put in place.

Answer to Wit Twister, page 37: reveres, reverse, reserve, Severer.

Travel

Continued from page 35

cause the Japanese firm that won the contract to extend the bridge in the 1960s put it up with Erector Set speed. We drank the strong but easy-to-down New Zealand lager in a workingmen's pub that had only standup counters. New Zealanders are no-nonsense drinkers, although they put away lager with less dispatch since the 6 o'clock swill was extended a few years ago to 10 o'clock closing. Maoris in woolly caps stood side by side with *pakeha* (white) laborers in short shorts and heavy work shoes.

I was curious about a word I'd seen that day in a weekly scandal sheet. "Basher," my companion told me, is the Kiwi version of mugger. He said that bashing is seldom practiced in New Zealand. There had, in fact, been only seventeen murders committed in the country since January, most of them rising out of domestic squabbles. "I worked two years in Australia," the Auckland man told me. "After that I had a chance to go to Los Angeles or to come back here. In New Zealand, if my kids don't turn up after school, they're down the road playing ball, not lying in some ditch, or taken away by an old perverted man. New Zealand has a nice, safe Old World atmosphere."

Leaving the pub less than an hour later, we walked into a 6 o'clock dusk. The moon was up, lying in a crescent on its side with an outsize star twinkling at its foot. It looked like the emblem on the flag of Turkey or a Christmas card illustration. Next day the *New Zealand Herald* ran a photo of the phenomenon on its front page, noting the rare dual appearance of the moon and Venus.

I clipped the picture of my lucky New Zealand star and took it along on the remainder of my journey into winter.

LITERARY I. Q. ANSWERS

1 Gk, 2Eg (*Bells*), 3Kh (*Macbeth*), 4L1 (*Lake Isle of Innisfree*), 5Ha (*Childe Harold's Pilgrimage*), 6Aj (*Locksley Hall*), 7Ci (*Cloud*), 8Je (*Belle Dame sans Merci*), 9Bc (*Days*), 10 Fb (*I taste a liquor*), 11Df (*Evangeline*), 12 Id (*Last Leaf*).

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(Continued on page 58)

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(Continued from page 57)

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By Thomas H. Middleton

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A. Greatly excited (3 wds.)	13 19 24 30 2 10 54 63 78 85 149 160
B. American astronomer and instrument maker (1732-96), successor to Franklin as pres. of American Philosophical Soc.	226 230 21 28 31 48 52 67 176 188 208
C. Tirelessly, continually (3 wds.)	229 25 49 70 79 97 117 128 144 171 201
D. Contemporary American poet ("Reflections on Ice-Breaking"; full name)	203 231 113 123 143 162 178 189 200
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G. A founder of the Schmalkaldic League (3 wds.)	18 35 47 126 139 183 193 214 232 1 27 39 53
H. Manage; dispense; tender or impose	57 158 41 101 179 185 56 69 75 88
I. Despises	133 150 196 205 210 215 74
J. One who excites or instigates quarrels or enmity (comp.)	81 164 168 61 86 153 161 175 103 114 207 225 4
K. Underestimate, underrate	44 76 95 109 186 217 64 99 112
L. Timid, shy	151 134 169 108 33 36 141
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V. "Dichtung und Wahrheit" is his autobiography	155 129 82 209 124 170
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X. Philippine Island between Luzon and Mindanao	14 42 115 159 152
Y. Condition, trim	43 94 98 110 177 166

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91 M	92 W	93 O	94 Y		95 K	96 O	97 C	98 Y		99 K	100 O	101 H	102 W		103 J	104 R	105 M
106 P	107 S		108 L	109 K		110 Y	111 M	112 K		113 D	114 J	115 X		116 O	117 C	118 F	
119 F	120 W		121 M	122 W	123 D		124 V	125 O	126 G	127 M		128 C	129 V	130 M	131 F		132 O
133 I	134 L	135 U		136 O	137 P	138 T	139 G	140 N	141 L		142 U	143 D	144 C		145 F	146 Q	147 O
	148 P	149 A	150 I	151 L	152 X		153 J	154 Q		155 V	156 U	157 Q	158 H		159 X	160 A	161 J
162 D		163 N	164 J	165 O	166 Y		167 M	168 J		169 L	170 V	171 C	172 P	173 M	174 S	175 J	176 B
177 Y		178 D	179 H	180 U		181 O	182 F	183 G	184 Q	185 H	186 K	187 R	188 B	189 D		190 U	191 F
	192 S	193 G	194 M	195 W		196 I	197 M	198 R		199 T	200 D	201 C		202 U	203 D	204 F	
205 I	206 Q	207 J	208 B		209 V	210 I	211 F		212 E	213 S	214 G	215 I		216 W	217 K	218 O	
219 O	220 W		221 Q	222 E	223 M	224 P	225 J	226 B		227 T	228 O	229 C	230 B	231 D	232 G	233 W	

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd WORDS, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. Alongside each definition, there is a row of dashes—one for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, write it on the dashes, and also write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram . . . When the squares are all filled in, you will find that you have completed a quotation from some published work. If read up and down, the letters in the diagram have no meaning . . . Black squares indicate ends of words; if there is no black square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line . . . When all the W O R D S are filled in, their initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Of great help to the solver are this acrostic feature and the relative shapes of words in the diagram as they develop.

Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 11 of this issue.

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This is a picture of the exhaust from our new jet engine.

This is an unretouched picture of our jet engine running at full take-off power.

Where's the smoke? There isn't any. There's no smoke at all.

The engine in the picture is on a test stand. But later this year, engines just like it will be on the McDonnell Douglas DC-10.

When you see the DC-10 take to the air, you'll see no black mark against the sky. (Of course, there's more to jet exhaust than smoke. Our goal is to make jets run almost totally clean.)

Jet noise is a different problem. But we—and the Federal Government—are tackling this one, too. NASA has called on General Electric to help solve the problem for the aviation industry.

We have already succeeded in making the DC-10 engine quieter than the engines now powering most of today's jet planes. Yet this GE engine is nearly three times as powerful!

Smoke . . . noise . . . pollution of all kinds are very much in the news these days. A lot of work is being done to find solutions. But it will take the combined efforts of business, individuals and the government to come up with the answers. The people at General Electric believe their progress with jet engines is one step to help clear the air.

Men helping Man

GENERAL ELECTRIC

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